The Literary Digest

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TOPICS OF THE DAY

Jobs or the "Dole"—the Problem Facing America

JOBS OR THE "DOLE"—WHICH?

It must be one or the other, and the decision must be made soon.

Such, at least, is the warning driven home by leaders in all parts of the country.

On Labor Day, as the country surveyed its crippled industries and millions of idle, its army of the poverty-stricken surrounded by mountainous surpluses of wheat and cotton and oil and idle dollars, hundreds of speeches were made of which the theme was that out of this bitterness must come a new era.

There must be no repetition of this depression. There must be a more equitable distribution of wealth. Employers must realize fully their responsibility to society. The worker must be guaranteed a job.

Such were the declarations made again and again as the diagnosticians traced the causes that led to the condition we confront today, and suggested measures for recovery.

A concise summary of what the Labor Day orators said is provided by the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle:*

THINGS BLAMED

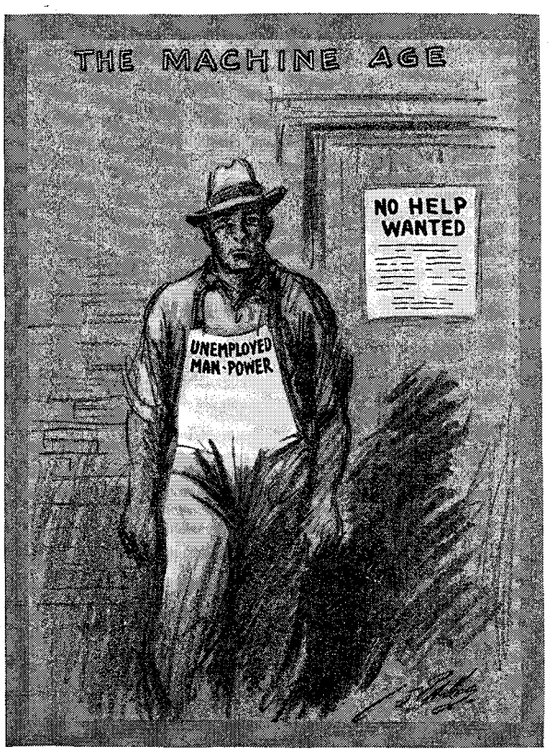
The World War.
Elimination of jobs for men and women by introduction of machinery in manufacturing.
Hoover's failure to take constructive action.
Bankers who have upset the economic balance of the world.
The Smoot-Hawley tariff bill.
The world system of capitalism.
Prohibition.
Hoover and the Republican party.
Diplomats who brought on the World War.
Our democratic form of government.

REMEDIES PROPOSED

More jobs or a Federal dole.
Modification of Prohibition.
Two-billion-dollar government bond issue to give immediate employment to 1,000,000 men.
Five-day week and shorter work-day.
State appropriations for public works.
Strict economy in State and National governments.
Higher tariff and stricter enforcement of immigration laws.
Big increase in income taxes in higher brackets.
Laws to keep children out of industry and make more room for men and women.

Bleak day that it was for labor, it was not devoid of encouragement. For, before another Labor Day rolls around, observers remark, it is highly probable that much legislation will be passed giving the workingman the protection for which he long has battled. For one thing, it is pointed out that the five-day week, and perhaps the six-hour day, are much nearer than ever before.

"It was by no means an unmixed evil that a smug and complacent America should have become badly frightened," says Heywood Broun of the New York *World-Telegram.* "In the days when orators were fond of telling us that this was the richest country in the world, the cause of social justice lagged lamentably."



Its Chief Product

—Alley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

What to do to avert depressions in future was dwelt upon by many of the Labor Day speakers, but to most of them the problem of how to care for our 6,000,000 unemployed this winter was of paramount importance. In a strong speech, Senator Borah, Republican, Idaho, declared:

"Food is going to waste. There is plenty of money in the country, hoarded and idle.

"If the wealth of the country does not voluntarily contribute to the end that we may take care of them, there is only one thing to do, and that is to feed those people from the treasury of the United States and increase the income tax, particularly in the higher brackets, to enable us to do it.

"If the public dole system is established in this country it will be forced by those who, having the means, refuse to do their part in feeding the hungry."

OPPOSING the "dole," Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat, New York, declared that the Government should borrow $2,000,000,000 to provide prompt employment for more than 1,000,000 men. He also advocated legislation to keep children in school and out of factories, reduction of the working week, and modification of the Volstead Law as relief measures.

A sharp clash of opinion on unemployment relief came a few days after Labor Day in speeches by President Hoover and Governor Roosevelt of New York, who is considered an outstanding aspirant for the Democratic Presidential nomination. The occasion was the golden jubilee celebration of the American Red Cross, at Dansville, New York.

Speaking over the radio, we read, the President reaffirmed his belief in the efficacy of local effort in handling the problem of unemployment, while Governor Roosevelt, present at the exercises, emphasized that State and governmental aid were essential.

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"The antidote for the 'dole' is work. There must be either work or a dole in some form. Which shall it be?" Thus spoke William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, in his holiday address. And he went on:

"An economic system which does not make it possible for those who make up and constitute the consuming market of the nation to buy and use the goods which industry manufactures and produces is based on false premises, and must fail.

"Employment for all can be found when a balance is established between the productive capacity of industry and the purchasing and consuming power of the people.

"We must understand, as never before, that the ownership of a job is as sacred as the ownership of property. The worker must be made as secure in the enjoyment of his right to work as the stockholder is in the enjoyment of his right to own property."

The Life-Guard on the Job

—Alley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal."

To the "organized church of the land," Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, speaking in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, addrest a plea in behalf of organized labor. Opposing "'doles' that weaken both giver and receiver," he said:

"This nation is equipped with the resources and the mechanism to maintain every American man, woman, and child in comfort and decency, on a level above that ever enjoyed by any people anywhere in the past or in the present.

"And yet the paradox of starvation beside the heaps of plenty.

"You can not in this temple and in communion with your God maintain that in naked truth this thing is right and righteous.

"I say that an industrial order that over the last decade has steadily raised the volume and value of its product, while steadily decreasing the number of the employed, faces a day of reckoning that demands a drastic readjustment.

"I am not a prophet of despair solely, because I believe this nation will have intelligence enough to work out that readjustment. If that fails— But it can not fail!"

From John L. Lewis, International President of the United Mine Workers of America, came this statement:

"Those in high places who rest serene in the thought that cycles must have their fling, will soon have to go into action or else face action which might bring radical changes in our recognized system of commercial enterprise.

"Multitudes of hungry and homeless, foreclosed homes, nation-wide bank manipulations which have destroyed the savings of a lifetime of toil are not the requisites upon which a democracy is founded. . . .

"Mass production will not be permitted to permanently level the masses to want and poverty if the American workingmen unite against such a pitfall."

"The international bankers who inhabit that great gambling den in New York, Wall Street," are responsible for our plight, declared Oklahoma's shaggy-haired Governor, William H. (Alfalfa Bill) Murray. Unless remedies are applied, he predicted that unemployment would increase in the next few years, and that a revolution would follow.

Another who warned against the "dole" as calculated to make us "a nation of beggars" was Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University. As remedies for the present situation, we read, he favors the repeal of the Sherman Act, the regulation of production by industrial combinations, the removal of commerce-destroying tariff barriers, the five-day week and the six-hour day, and immediate action to correct the international debt situation.

An attack on wage-cutting policies was launched by Senator James J. Davis, former Secretary of Labor. He said:

"Cutthroat prices and dog-eat-dog business policies mean cheap labor; cheap labor means cheap families, cheap families mean a cheap country, and a cheap country engenders physical as well as mental poverty and illiteracy, resulting in national decay and halting the progress of civilization."

Legalization of beer to provide employment for 1,500,000 men and adoption of the five-day week and the six-hour day were advocated by John Sullivan, President of the New York State Federation of Labor.

The Republican high tariff was blamed for much of our trouble by Senator Harrison, Democrat, Mississippi.

An optimistic note was struck by William N. Doak, Secretary of Labor, who said he believed we will stand upon "the substantial plane of prosperity" once more "before long."

President Hoover announced that the Federal building program would be speeded up to give work, by January 1, to approximately 100,000.

"For all the Labor Day oratory that rumbled from a thousand throats toward a common center—the relief of the unemployed—one descries no Moses to lead us out of the land of bondage," remarks the New York *Herald Tribune*, and the Philadelphia *Record* adds that "in these speeches you hear the voice of a leaderless nation."

But "Labor Day proved one thing," declares the Washington *News*—

"The country is thinking about unemployment.

"We may be at the bottom of our worst national depression, but we have at least progressed to the point where we face facts.

"That is a big gain. If we had faced facts some time ago, we could have prevented much of the present havoc."

And B. C. Forbes of the New York *American* asserts that, while it may be cold comfort now, "out of these present-day trials and tribulations of labor, there promise to develop lasting benefits."

The optimistic note is struck by the Troy *Times:*

"It is safe to predict that long before Labor Day comes again, normal industrial activity will be restored, and the distressing experience of the current period will be remembered only as a mandate to apply all possible precautions against recurrence of a slump."

And this tribute to American labor is paid by the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:*

"To-day labor stands patient and hopeful.

"It has suffered much in the past year and a half of depression. But it has borne its ills manfully.

"Never has there been a period of depression so free from labor strife. Unemployment has harassed it. Closed factories have taken away its livelihood.

"But, in the face of enormous hardship, labor has shown its good citizenship and sturdy American stamina. Labor deserves a salute."

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The Skyrocketing Deficit

SIX MILLION DOLLARS A DAY!

In skyrocket fashion the national deficit is mounting at this rate.

In such unprecedented figures our Federal Government is building up, according to Ray Tucker in the Washington *Daily News*, "the largest deficit in the country's peace-time history."

By July 1, 1932, the end of the current fiscal year, it may amount to $3,000,000,000 for a two-year period.

But, like other folk, Uncle Sam must pay his bills and balance his budget, if he wants to get out "of the red," editors observe with homely wisdom. They point out that there are only three ways to do it: by increasing revenues (increased taxation), by cutting expenditures, or by further borrowing.

"So far," grimly notes the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "the United States has taken the easiest course—further borrowing." A discussion of the huge September borrowings will be found on page 40.

"Never before in the history of the Government were the current expenses of the Government," protests Representative F. H. La Guardia (Rep., New York), "attempted to be placed on the shoulders of future generations." This protest is reechoed from a number of editorial pages.

These are only the preliminary skirmishes to what promises to be the great battle in Washington this December, Arthur Sears Henning announces in the Chicago *Tribune*. When the Hoover Administration attempts to solve the problem of additional taxes to balance the nation's budget, "there will be an earth-shaking tumult raised over who is to foot the bill."

Here is the line-up for the coming battle of the budget, as Mr. Henning, veteran of the Washington press trenches, sees it:

"There will be the radicals led by Senators William E. Borah [Rep., Idaho] and George W. Norris [Rep., Neb.] contending that additional taxation be confined to increased surtaxes on incomes over $50,000, and to increased inheritance taxes.

"There will be the conservatives expounding Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon's doctrine that increased surtaxes on the nation's capitalists will only result in driving capital into tax-exempt investments instead of into industry and thereby retarding the recovery of prosperity.

"The conservatives are already accusing the radicals of raising the battle-cry of 'soak the rich,' while the radicals retort that Mr. Mellon and his followers are seeking to shield the rich from the operation of the principle of the capacity to pay, on which our tax system is founded.

"The radicals belong to the school of levelers. They assert there is an undue concentration of wealth in this country, the redistribution of which should be effected by means of higher taxes on large incomes, and higher taxes on the estates of deceased millionaires."

To tax or not to tax—this then is the dilemma confronting Mr. Hoover and Secretary Mellon. On the eve of the Presidential campaign, it is a ticklish situation for them, according to David Lawrence in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Washington, because—

"If the Administration were to say to-day that it would not increase taxes, it would run counter to a pronounced feeling in many parts of the country, particularly the cities, that the so-called wealthy classes are being permitted to escape their just share of the nation's burden.

"If on the other hand it were to be announced that an increase in taxes is planned, there would be a shifting of securities to tax-exempt classifications and other artificial methods of avoidance that would interfere with the normal flow of business."

The political consequences are evident to Ray Tucker of the Washington *News*::

"The argument is heard that the G. O. P. boosted tax rates after having promised prosperity and reduced taxation in 1928.

"Democrats will center their fire on the mounting deficit, the unbalanced budget, continued borrowings to meet current expenses and, in general, the Republicans' alleged mismanagement in the field where they are supposed to excel."

To an ever-increasing number of newspaper observers, tax revision upward is inevitable and essential to our national economy. Shall it be new sales taxes, or added income taxes? Opinions vary. Ralph West Robey, financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, argues for the increased levy on incomes:

"Most equitable of all the taxes in this country is that on incomes. There are certain objections to it, of course, but on the whole it is the most satisfactory form of taxation that has yet been devised by experts in the field of public finance.

Just One Thing to Do—Reduce!

—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

"The need for a greater revenue accordingly should be met by modifications in the rates and exemptions of the income tax.

"Secretary Mellon, presumably, will oppose all such changes. For some years he has contended, but without being able to offer convincing proof, that higher taxes on income would be unproductive and a burden on business.

"His alternative suggestion, according to reports, will be a sales tax.

"It is to be hoped that these reports are incorrect, for a tax on sales is a thoroughly unsatisfactory form of taxation.

"It fails almost completely to follow the principle of ability to pay, which is the one tenet upon which every sound revenue system must depend."

To the hard-headed, conservative Boston *Transcript*, it seems that the American public must open its eyes to one obvious fact:

"The plain English of the fiscal situation is that if the politicians in Washington are to spend the people's money as they please, the people must pay the bills, and the sooner that simple fact soaks into the popular mind, the better.

"They must pay in increased rents, in higher prices for provisions and clothing, and every other form of domestic expenditure.

"No matter how serious the attempt to tax only the rich through income taxes, the ultimate result is that the costs are distributed all along the line.

"It will be the manly thing for the Administration to look the facts squarely in the face and make its recommendations accordingly.

"If the voters do not like them, they have only to assist the Government in its program of economy and await a better day.

"If they want the things which increased taxes would provide, they must make up their minds to pay for them."

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Governor Long's Drop-a-Crop Cotton Plan

GARBED IN A NIGHT SHIRT and sitting cross-legged in bed on the cotton sheets while cameras click, Gov. Huey P. Long signs the bill making it a crime to grow cotton in Louisiana next year.

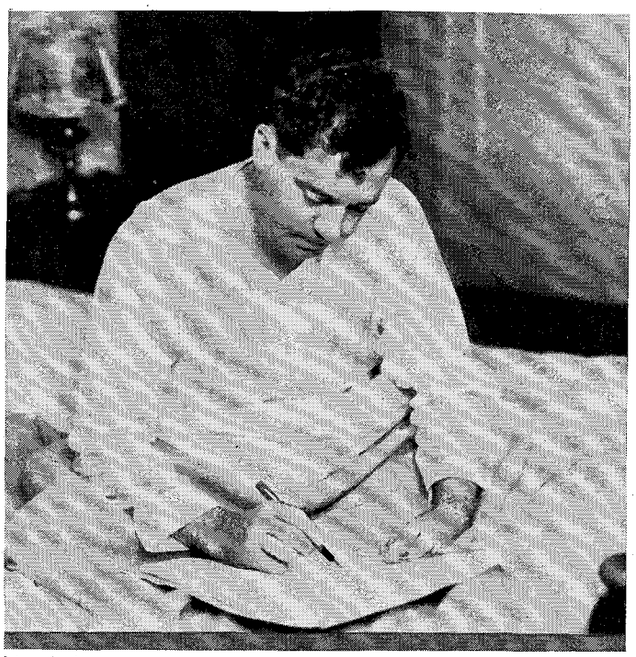
It was a cotton night shirt the curly-haired, dimple-chinned, tilt-nosed Governor was wearing, we are assured by the reporters who were admitted to the executive's bedroom.

From the State Senate, in the early morning, came the emergency measure embodying the picturesque Long's plan for saving the American cotton industry, and he made it law with a flirt of his pen.

Consequently, any Louisiana farmer who dares use his land to grow cotton next year will be liable to a fine of $100 to $500, or he may be thrown into jail for ten to sixty days.

It is provided, however, that this law shall not become operative unless States growing three-fourths of the country's cotton crop also adopt similar measures. They have until January 15 to act.

In this dramatic and hotly debated drive to overcome one of the worst economic conditions afflicting the country, we have an outstanding example of the hundreds of plans being put forth to rid ourselves of the surplus cotton incubus. With an estimated carryover of 11,000,000 bales, and facing the specter of five-cent cotton, all Dixie is in the throes of the problem of what is to be done. And all other parts of the country, whose economic fate is inevitably involved, are offering advice from the side-lines.



International

In His Cotton Night Shirt

At two o'clock in the morning Gov. Huey Long of Louisiana signs the cotton holiday bill after its passage by the Legislature.

Indeed, the entire world is interested, particularly the leading cotton-growing countries, and from Egypt has come an invitation to the United States to participate in a conference to tackle the evil of overproduction.

The Administration, we read, is pushing a plan to sell our surplus to Europe by extending credits.

The only way to get rid of our present surplus, asserts Governor Long, is to grow no more cotton until supply and demand are more nearly equal. As for his own plan, he says:

"The South is afire for the law.

"Everybody knows it will absolutely save the situation. There is no excuse for it not being passed in every State in the South.

"It means fifteen to twenty cent cotton right away and keeps the farmers from going broke again next year."

"RIGHT!" chime in many observers. But others dismiss the Governor and his proposal with blistering contempt. It is "the Hooey plan" to the Columbia (S. C.) *Record*, and the Baltimore *Sun* also kicks it overboard as "too preposterous to merit serious discussion."

Specifically, the biggest harpoons hurled into the Long plan are statements that it would permit other countries to seize the world markets for cotton; that it would destroy the rich market for cottonseed; that cotton farmers are not prepared to switch overnight to raising other crops; that a cotton-growing holiday would add myriads to the ranks of unemployed.

But Governor Long loses not a particle of his confidence in the drop-a-crop plan. If other States act quickly, he says, before the crop gets out of the farmers' hands, the industry will be saved. In this or any other cotton plan, Texas, which raises one-third of the total produced in America, is the key State. Therefore, as soon as the Louisiana Legislature had put through his bill, Governor Long dispatched a certified copy by airplane to Gov. Ross S. Sterling of Texas.

Governor Sterling, after polling legislators on their views, called a special session on September 8, announcing that a majority favored reduction of cotton acreage by 50 per cent. The Legislature met on the same day that the Government estimated the 1931 crop at 15,685,000 bales, "the highest September cotton forecast since 1915."

Gov. Richard B. Russell, Jr., of Georgia is preparing to call an extra session if Texas adopts the Long plan, we read, and in South Carolina, the Legislature is meeting, after farmers in thirty-seven of the forty-six counties asked a special session to follow the lead of Louisiana. As we are told by Foster Eaton, Atlanta correspondent of the United Press, in a copyrighted dispatch:

"Out of a total national production of 13,932,000 bales in 1930, Texas, Georgia, Louisiana, and South Carolina produced 7,121,000. Assuming those four States enact the law, that leaves the plan 3,328,000 bales short of the 75 per cent. total required, 10,449,000, but sponsors of the plan hope it will have an increasingly 'snowball' effect, and win over enough hesitant States to assure general agreement. . . .

"Other States' cotton production, a part of which must be enlisted to round out the Long plan, are: Virginia, 45,500; North Carolina, 1,100,000; Florida, 50,000; Missouri, 151,000; Tennessee, 377,000; Alabama, 1,473,000 (considered favorable); Mississippi, 1,464,000; Oklahoma, 854,000; Arkansas, 874,000; New Mexico, 99,000; Arizona, 155,000, and California, 264,000."

BUT whether the Long plan is adopted or not, sentiment in the South seems to be crystallizing for some sort of remedy for a crucial situation.

Since the Federal Farm Board was shouted down in its proposal that every third row of cotton be plowed under, suggestions for the relief of the cotton farmer "have been coming so fast and furious that the public is dizzy," remarks the Columbus (Ga.) *Ledger-Enquirer*. Indeed, the Farm Board, we read, has received no fewer than 501 cotton proposals.

Many of them involve further use of government money. But the board, which was thrown for a loss by its attempts to stabilize prices and is now said to have approximately $75,000,000 tied up in 1,300,000 bales of cotton, announces that it will spend no more money in this way.

Conspicuous among the plans presented to the board are those of two of the Senators from cotton States who were called to

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a Washington conference, Senators Walter F. George of Georgia and Senator E. D. Smith of South Carolina.

Senator George, we read, would have the Farm Board buy 6,000,000 bales of the present crop direct from farmers, paying six cents a pound now and a like amount twelve months hence, provided the farmer grows no cotton next year.

Somewhat similar is Senator Smith's suggestion. As explained in the press, he would have the Farm Board advance seven cents a pound on the present crop, hold it for twelve months and pay each farmer the difference between the first advance and the higher price at which it is anticipated it would be sold. Of course, this offer is conditioned on the planter's agreement not to plant a crop next year.

Another proposal is that of Gov. O. Max Gardner of North Carolina, who, we read, urges that President Hoover call Congress in special session to formulate a national cotton policy to avoid an "approaching national crisis." Before the States pass laws prohibiting cotton-growing, he says, the United States should negotiate with foreign countries for action on cotton control.

In Texas, a group of thirty-five bankers advocates the withdrawal of every third bale of 1931 cotton from the market and a heavy reduction of acreage.

As for Southern editorial opinion on what is to be done about cotton plans, particularly the Long proposal, we find a great diversity.

Calling it "Long's absurd plan," the Jackson (Miss.) *News* says "it is doubtful if those who presume to represent the economic welfare of the cotton-growers can justify the surrender of the Southern farmers' markets for cottonseed meal and oil."

"Let's look before we leap into a reckless course," counsels the Atlanta *Journal*, and the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen*, warns that—

"No government can undertake to say to its citizens what they can grow and what they can not grow without thereby assuming dictatorial powers alien to the American system as it now exists."

"The Long plan, theoretically, at least, would set the price of cotton soaring," remarks the Raleigh *News and Observer*, "but on its face it offers such complications in the plight of farm workers dependent on the labor in the cotton field that the remedy might very well be more distressing than the disease."

Another point is thus exprest by the Charlotte *Observer:*

"Even if the Southern cotton States should join in the movement 100 per cent., one result would be that the other cotton-growing countries would make a desperate effort to permanently wrest the world market from the South, and the effort would prove at least partially successful, unless the other cotton-growing nations would come into some sort of cooperative agreement as advocated by Governor Gardner."

On the other hand, the New Orleans *Item*, in Governor Long's State, says that "if the Southern States exert themselves at Washington we have no doubt that President Hoover will do all in his power for an international agreement on cotton limitation in other countries." And this paper, spokesman for the Long plan, goes on:

"In our opinion, it is the soundest kind of business for the tenant, the cotton farmer, the growers, the holders, and owners of cotton in the South."

Slavery Must Be Abolished
—Knott in the Dallas "News."

Rescuing Our Wheat and China Too

MILLIONS OF FLOOD VICTIMS starving to death in China—and millions of bushels of surplus American wheat glutting the Farm Board's warehouses, with no buyers in sight!

This contrast, which strikingly dramatizes the present situation in the world, is emphasized by most newspapers which commend President Hoover's action in completing the agreement between our Federal Farm Board and the Nanking Government, even tho this transaction means a great loss.

Beginning October 1, 15,000,000 bushels of the board's holdings will be shipped in lots of 50,000 tons, from Puget Sound ports, to China's flood and famine victims. Half of this wheat will be milled in this country, it is stipulated.

As reported in the press, the President announces:

"The Chinese Government undertakes the transaction, and it has given assurances that it will give equal opportunity to American-flag ships in the charters made for this purpose.

"The amount at present settled is about 15,000,000 bushels. . . .

"The price of the wheat is to be the market price on the day of export, but liberal credit terms are provided. Payments will be made in three instalments at the end of 1934, 1935, and 1936. The Farm Board will receive 4 per cent. interest. Chinese government treasury notes may be put up for security."

Shortly afterward came the announcement that the German Government is also buying 200,000 tons of hard winter wheat on a long-term credit, generally believed to be three years. The purchase, made through the German Grain Association, controlled by the Government, provides for the commencement of deliveries next January.

A stroke of good fortune unique in human experience, it seems to the humanitarian Detroit *News*, "if China's tragedy and our own economic plight could be made the means . . . of relieving one another." This daily, as well as several others like-minded, urges that we send to China some of the nation's surplus cotton as well. No mere charity this, claims this Detroit daily:

"Far from it—it is mutual service.

"There could be no greater service rendered this country and all in it, at this time, than to put into circulation in the world the vast stores of goods which are beyond our own powers of absorption, which are working chaos in present markets and our future plans, and which happen to be desperately needed on the other side of the earth.

"The rescuer, who in the meantime manages to rescue himself, seems to us to be a very sound business man."

Shanghai correspondents are quick to point out that these 15,000,000 bushels of American wheat are wofully insufficient for China's distressing needs. Victor Keen cables to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"The 450,000 tons (15,000,000 bushels) of wheat sold by the United States to China will be less than half the amount needed for flood-relief purposes, according to a preliminary estimate issued by the Flood Relief Commission of the Nationalist government at Nanking.

"It is stated that 10,000,000 persons must be fed for six months, requiring 1,000,000 tons of foodstuffs until spring, when the vegetables which form a considerable portion of the refugees' diet will be available."

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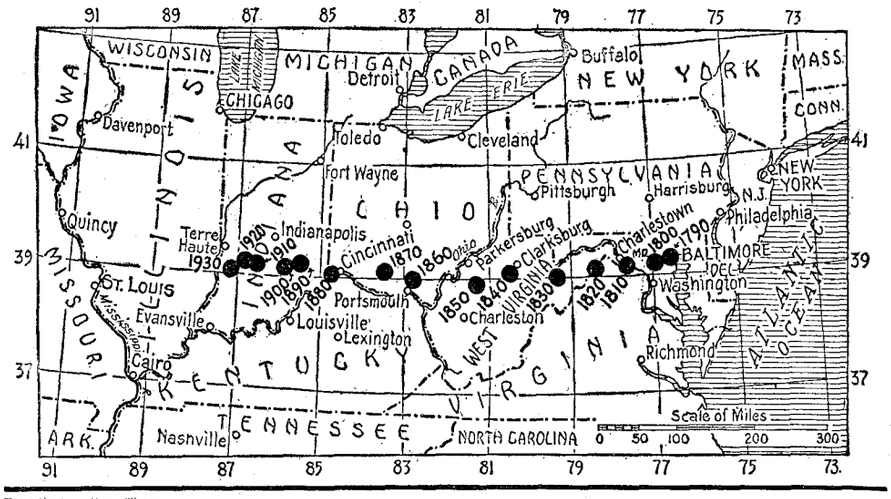
The Mystery of a Moving Dot

ALMOST WITHOUT DEVIATION from the thirty-ninth paralell of latitude a dot has been moving across the map of the United States for 140 years.

To-day that imaginary, yet highly significant, point lies under a mound of coal, 22.9 miles northeast of Linton, Indiana, in a coal strip mine—a desolate spot indeed. But the coal mound, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, will be removed, and a marker erected for the benefit of the curious.

That moving dot is known in the Federal Census Bureau as the center of population.

"The mystery in the movement of this theoretical point from decade to decade," points out the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, "lies not in its longitudinal progress, but in its almost undeviating adherence to the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, from which in 140 years it has varied by only 18.4 miles." Furthermore, as explained by *The Bulletin:*



From the New York *Times*

For 140 Years Our Population Center has Moved Steadily Westward

The black circles indicate successive centers of population as fixt by the census every ten years.

"The Census Bureau finds that in the past ten years the population center has run true to form, shifting 22.3 miles westward and 7.6 miles southward, or 23.56 miles in a direct line, from a point near Spencer, Indiana, to a point 2.9 miles northeast of Linton, Greene County, Indiana.

"This makes a total movement westward of 589 miles from the center of population in Baltimore at the time of the first census in 1790, and a net of a trifle over fourteen miles to the south.

"Likening the Northwest and the Southwest to two great magnets whose pull steadily attracts the population center, their power is seen to be remarkably well balanced.

"The slight excess of the southward drag in the past ten years is explained by continued phenomenal growth of Southern California and Texas.

"San Francisco being in the direct line of present movement, all that part of the Golden State lying to the south, growing at mushroom rate, is a contributing factor in offsetting population increases noted north of the thirty-ninth parallel.

"California grew nearly 66 per cent. in the decade; Texas 25 per cent. Against the influence of these populous States even Michigan, with a 32 per cent. growth, could not 'hold the line.'"

THE center of population, according to the analyst of the New York *Times*, is "the decennial pivot of the American population playing seesaw." This paper illustrates the seesaw leverage: "An increase of 100,000 people in Los Angeles, more than 2,500 miles from the old center of population in Indiana, would counterbalance an increase of half a million people in Detroit, only a couple of hundred miles away."

A Soviet Call for Yankee Skill

ALL MEN ARE EQUAL in Soviet Russia.

But all men are never equal in the iron works.

In other words, Comrade Ivan can't run the new machines that are being put in for the famous Five-Year Plan, and would please like to have a few thousand real mechanics from capitalistic America come over and work them for him.

That is how some American observers size up the Soviet plan to hire the 6,000 skilled American workers who are now going over there. Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now a member of a big American engineering firm, is just back from Russia with grave doubts about the success of the Five-Year Plan. "It has proved easier to put up buildings and have experts install machinery than to operate efficiently," he said to a New York *Times* reporter, and he added:

"Production appears to be far below expectation.

"One large new factory which I visited was scheduled to begin production a year ago. There were 15,000 men and women working in the plant, some on construction, some being taught to run machines, others running machines, but no product was forthcoming.

"It looked rather chaotic, and no prediction was made as to when production would start. An official frankly said that some American experts would be very welcome."

"ORGANIZED Immigration"—this is how the Amtorg Trading Corporation characterizes the present exodus of 6,000 skilled American workers to Russia.

No less than 100,000 applications have been received at the offices of the official Soviet trading agency at 261 Fifth Avenue, New York, and inquiries are still flowing in at the rate of 500 a day. This year's "quota" is far more than filled, it announces.

In a release to the press, the Amtorg Corporation admits that in practically all cases "the American workers . . . are paying their own passage, and in many cases are taking their own tools, which are admitted free of duty."

In its *Economic Review of the Soviet Union* (New York), Amtorg explains how it has organized this emigration of skilled workers:

"Every worker leaves the United States with the guaranty of a job and a place to live in.

"In many cases, the high skill of these workers opens to them positions such as those of foremen or supervisors; and in all cases the American immigrant is given the rights and privileges enjoyed by the Russian worker.

"The workers who are going over are skilled miners, machinists, railroad workers, bricklayers, carpenters, and so on.

"Already 125 miners and skilled mechanics have been sent to the coal-mines in the Kuznetz basin, and arrangements are being made to send 1,600 more by January.

"Three hundred tractor and automobile workers have been sent to the tractor works in Stalingrad, and about 100 to the Kharkov tractor plant, the Nizhni Novgorod automobile plant, and the Amo automobile plant in Moscow.

"By January 600 to 800 additional men will be sent to the lumber industry in Karelia, and to work on automobile plants being built by the Autostroy.

"About 400 workers will be sent to the new steel plants at Magnitogorsk (Urals) and Kuznetzk (Siberia). More than 350 construction workers—mainly carpenters, bricklayers, and concrete workers—will be sent to various construction jobs in the Soviet Union; about 100 workers will be sent to Ural mines and metallurgical and smelting plants."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

An old man is able to hold a place in industry if he owns the industry.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Another good way to see the world, is to get elected Mayor of New York.—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

Pity the poor Mississippi cotton farmer this fall when he carries a whole bale of cotton to town with which to buy his wife a rayon frock.—*Jackson (Miss.) News.*

When things look blue, nobody can help the situation by turning yeller.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

The farm problem now appears to be how to make one stalk grow where two grew before.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Another swell idea would be to plow under every third economist who has a sure cure for what's the matter with us. —*Macon Telegraph.*

So beer would bring good times? The theory doubtless is that a few beers would make us good spenders again.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

After a casual study of that pervasive new feminine headgear, it wouldn't take much to convince us that Dad's old derby had had a litter of pups.—*Boston Herald.*

President Hoover doesn't deserve credit for this debt-forgetting business. Ask Chairman Raskob if the Democrats didn't think of it first.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.*

Efficiency Plus

—Spencer in the Omaha "World-Herald."

Gentleman has walked across the British Channel. Now the only channel stunt left is to drink it dry.—*Dallas News.*

Voliva said the world was coming to an end in 1930. Well, didn't it?—*Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

There's not much in names when in speedy flight Doolittle outdoes Hawks.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

As we understand the advice of that New York savings-bank which is urging its depositors to withdraw some of their funds and buy goods with it, what this big country needs is a little spend-thrift. — *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Now they're canning to relieve the unemployed, but that was the cause of the trouble in the first place.—*Ohio State Journal.*

"Women aren't inferior to men; they just think they are," says Dr. Olga Knopf. Show us one, for instance.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

The United States is going to have a lot of second-hand European countries on hand if it ever forecloses on its mortgages.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Mr. Coolidge's press agents are slipping. Up to now they haven't had him put on a sunbonnet and spurs to feed the goldfish.—*Macon Telegraph.*

They aren't always wrong in Washington. When they cut down the size of the bills they said the new paper money wouldn't bulge a fellow's pockets, and it doesn't.—*Fort Myers News-Press.*

No use to say that nations can not disarm. Look what we did to hatpins.—*Florida Times-Union.*

Most of the people we know would like to pay the piper on the instalment plan.—*The Humorist (London).*

This year solved the problem of what to do with all the wornout automobiles. The owners just kept on using them.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

In New York that Cuban rebellion would be regarded as a neighborhood row.—*Macon Telegraph.*

We have yet to hear of any mathematical sharp successfully trisecting the eternal triangle.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"What happens to old, broken-down horses?" asks a correspondent. They run in races, and we back them.—*The Humorist.*

And another thing, Mr. Gandhi—tho it pains us to put it so bluntly—it's people like you who cause cotton surpluses.—*Detroit News.*

To many a doubtful statesman the fence he is trying to sit on in these controversial times must seem to be constructed exclusively of pickets.—*Boston Herald.*

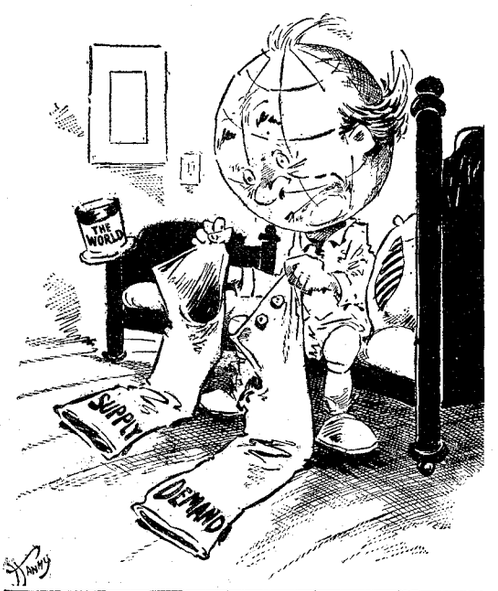
"In Japan," says The Literary Digest, "popular songs live for months and even years." That's another good reason for not wanting to live in Japan. —*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

Yet nobody suggests that the building trades could benefit by burning a third of this year's new houses. —*Duluth Herald.*

Traffic in Manila is now completely Americanized and nobody's life or limb is safe.—*Kölnische Zeitung.*

We suppose the spy-shy Japs get out and look under their islands every night before going to bed.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Governor Roosevelt has recommended enactment of a law forbidding gangsters to possess machine-guns. Enough laws like that, and any law-abiding gangster would have to go out of business.—*San Diego Union.*



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Wanted at Once: A Needle and Thread

—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

In parts of China persons sentenced to be executed can buy their freedom. A case of heads or taels.—*The Humorist.*

You can get a pretty good idea of one of the main things the matter with the cotton industry by canvassing the average clothes-line.—*Tampa Times.*

This is a Democratic year. The Democrats, it may be explained, always have their big year the year before the election. — *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Despite the rigors of an English autumn, Mahatma Gandhi is going into the diplomatic conference with a big advantage over his adversaries, having no shirt to lose.—*Kansas City Star.*

"It is now possible for a wife in England to telephone to her husband, even if he is on the other side of the earth," says a writer. Then what's the good of going to the other side of the earth?—*The Humorist.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

The Pope and Mussolini Friends Again

CATHOLIC ACTION shall be Catholic action. That, in a nutshell, summarizes the new accord between Vatican and Quirinal that makes all quiet along the Tiber once more.

That is to say, the Catholic Action society shall not be a society of political action, and, particularly, shall not be a society of anti-Fascist action. Right there, apparently, was the rub. It was thought to be a center of anti-Fascist activity, and that was what roused the ire of Mussolini.

As They Are Seen in the Netherlands

Mussolini: "Holy Father, all I want is fair play for Italy."
Pope: "That's just what I'm asking of you."
—"De Notenkraker" (Amsterdam).

Now it is agreed that it shall be strictly a society of Catholic action—religious action solely and absolutely.

The angry quarrel broke out last May, as every one remembers, when the Fascist press accused Catholic Action of anti-Fascist political endeavors. The Government closed all the Catholic clubs in Italy. Anti-Catholic riots followed in several Italian cities, and the tension between the Vatican and the Italian Government was noted throughout the world.

Remembering this, the friends of both sides express relief and satisfaction over the new accord, the terms of which appear in an official communiqué in part as follows:

"First: The Italian Catholic Action is essentially diocesan and is directly dependent upon the bishops, who choose its directors, both ecclesiastical and lay. There can not in future be chosen as directors men who belonged in the past to parties hostile to the Fascist régime. In harmony with these ends of a religious and spiritual order, the Catholic Action does not interfere in any way in politics, and in the external forms of its organization holds itself aloof from everything that is proper to and traditional in political parties.

"Second: The Catholic Action does not include in its program the constitution of professional associations of a trade-union order. . . .

"Third: The youth clubs dependent upon the Catholic Action will be called 'Catholic Action Youth Associations.' These associations will be allowed to have membership tickets and badges corresponding strictly to their religious purpose; they will not have for the various associations any flag other than the national flag and their own religious standards."

LOOKED at as a whole through a poll by cable of the Italian press, taken for THE LITERARY DIGEST, various interesting shades of opinion appear. Thus, the so-called official Vatican organ, *Osservatore Romano*, declares:

"We take great satisfaction in publishing the terms of the accord which is causing rejoicing among the Catholics of the world and which, according to the declared satisfaction of both sides, allows it confidently to be believed that the causes of the Pope's sorrows will not be renewed. The compatibility of belonging to the Fascist party and the Catholic Action has been reestablished."

LOOKING now to the Fascist press, we find the Bologna *Resto del Carino* giving this advice:

"To speak of victors and vanquished in this question, concerning the deepest and most intimate values of conscience, would be absurd. The concordat has won. The will for peace has won, which is the base and reason for the existence of the concordat."

Arnaldo Mussolini, brother of Il Duce, remarks in *Popolo d'Italia:*

"The agreement satisfies both sides. There is an analogy between Fascism and Catholicism which is above any particular controversy, whether political or journalistic. The accord is another proof of the serene greatness, spiritual and human, of Catholic and Fascist Rome."

Clarification is the great virtue of the accord, believes the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, because it shows that:

"There has not been any war, either in arms or spirit, and no dualism between Cæsar and Peter. The accord shows that the unshakable unity of modern Italy was never endangered."

Similarly, the Rome *Tribuna* believes that the agreement makes clear the meaning of the concordat and at the same time illuminates its importance. Says the *Lavoro Fascista:*

"It is seen that there is no contrast between the principles of Catholicism and Fascism, as the anti-Fascists sought to prove. The adoption of the Italian flag as the banner of the Catholic organizations is symbolic of its value."

GERMAN editorial views sent by cable to THE LITERARY DIGEST indicate keen and various interest in the settlement of the dispute. For instance, the ultra-Nationalist *Deutsche Zeitung* is convinced that "the formation of an Italian Catholic party similar to the German Catholic party has been definitely frustrated."

Then it is the hope of the Catholic *Germania*, sometimes spoken of as the political organ of Chancellor Bruening, that the agreement will "for all the future safeguard peace between the Church and the State in Italy." But quite different is the observation of the *Koelnische Zeitung* (Volkspartei):

"Tension will be latent as long as the two Powers are opposed, each striving for absolute supremacy in the State. Peace between two such absolutist opponents must always remain a compromise and must not be considered a genuine conciliation.

"The world situation, on which the glow of burning Spanish monasteries recently shed a significant light, does not permit the Vatican light-heartedly to match strength with the Italian State."

To some Germans who think that the Vatican yielded a good deal, the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* points out:

"It would be, however, erroneous to consider the agreement as a defeat for the Church, because the Fascist State is granting a far-reaching concession when it accords the Church full freedom for the organization of religious matters. In other countries this may go without saying."

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Chile's Red Mutiny Air-Vanquished

THE COMMUNIST SCARE spread throughout Chile by the one-week revolt of the Chilean Navy awakens Chile to a menace, underestimated, it is said, if not wholly unsuspected in some quarters.

But the rebels reckoned without their host of Chile's loyal and deadly air forces, we are told, even when they felt they could withstand the loyal guns on land.

The failure of the naval revolt was obvious, say Santiago United Press dispatches, from the moment the Government air forces attacked the ships at Coquimbo, and encountered little difficulty in inflicting damage on the mutineers.

The collapse of the mutiny was considered complete when Chile's Under-Secretary of Aviation announced that the *Almirante Latorre*, which carried the rebel leaders, and was one of the last vessels to hold out against the loyalists, put in at Tongoy and surrendered. In a cable to THE LITERARY DIGEST, we read *El Mercurio's* (Santiago) congratulations to Chileans upon the submission of the rebellious sailors and marines, and upon the enthusiasm of the citizens in arming themselves and assisting the Government. Directing its searchlight on Communists' share in the uprising, *El Mercurio* observes:

"It is necessary to put an end energetically to Communistic activities which are poisoning the masses and transforming them into an ignorant herd, led by men inspired by mirage, and who exploit the difficult economic situation through which the country is passing, and who are sacrificing the proletariat."

Another editorial in *El Mercurio*, "Communism Is not the Solution," calls attention to the statement by General Tellez pointing out the danger of Communism, and it says:

"In Chile there is talk of Communism, and altho Communist adherents are in a minority, we do not lack those who listen to its false preachings.

"Chile has been impoverished by the dictatorship and by the caprices of financiers. Public morals have been ruined by a régime of flattery, and now the workers are hungry after enjoying high salaries and comforts of which they used to dream.

"These circumstances have favored the worst elements of rebellion, and acts like the insurrection at Coquimbo, altho not directly under the red flag of Communism, are not impossible in present condition.

"But society should reflect, and the Government should prepare itself to face the situation and tighten the screws which were loosened during the régime of the dictator.

"England, in the most difficult moment of her history, has shown that Communism is not a solution. The defects of the capitalist régime have their own remedies within capitalism itself. The recent example of England should be a lesson to us."

ANOTHER important Chile newspaper, the Valparaiso *Mercurio*, adds distinctly to our information about Chile's Communist problem:

"The movement in Coquimbo may have had no connection with Communism, but the trouble at Talcahuano was Communistic, and until martial law was declared in the principal cities, the masses were being directly incited to rebellion, and afterward the anarchistic elements tried other means of stirring up fundamental trouble.

"A majority of our workers are patriotic, and when the fleet was in open rebellion, the workers were unexcited, and condemned the fleet's action as a crime against the country.

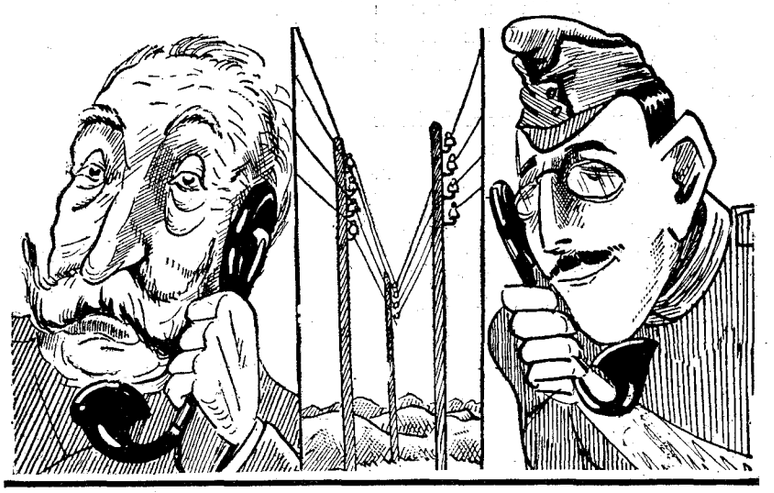
"It has been proved that Communisn has not yet taken root among the masses of the Chilean population, but Communist propaganda can do enormous damage, as happened at Talcahuano, unless it is suppress by an iron hand."

Another Dictator Down in Europe

"AS LONG AS THEY STAY UP, you don't notice them so much. But when they crash down, then every eye is on them."

The editor who said this was not talking about aviators, but about dictators in Europe. And the one he was talking about is King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia, who has suddenly announced the termination of his dictatorship which was established thirty-two months ago.

King and dictator in one, as he was called, he set up his combination régime on January 6, 1929, when conflict between the Serbs and the Croats in Jugo-Slavia threatened to destroy this war-born State.



Italian Skepticism

Alexander: "Well, I've given up my dictatorship."
Ex-Kaiser: "Why are you telling me that?"
Alexander: "When I told it to my Jugo-Slav people, they said, 'Tell it to the Kaiser.'"
—"Il '420'" (Florence).

At forty-two Alexander is reputed to be one of the most popular monarchs in Europe, and altho himself a Serb, has a record of impartiality toward his subjects in the triune kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, now officially named Jugo-Slavia. But altho some constitutional rights are guaranteed, King Alexander is said to remain the head and front of power.

The draft constitution he read to his Cabinet in making known his decision, we read in a Belgrade United Press dispatch, provides for the reorganization of Parliament into two chambers. Formerly there was only one, the Skupshtina or Chamber. Now there will be also a Senate made up of an equal number of elected and appointed numbers. The voting age is to be twenty years.

All laws require the approval of both chambers. Diets are to be established in the various provinces for local administration, and, we read further, the Government will be empowered to suspend part of the constitution in case public order is endangered.

A poll by cable for THE LITERARY DIGEST shows the Zagreb *Jutarugi List* saying:

"The proclamation of the constitution is of the highest significance and arouses the keenest interest in all provinces and all strata of population.

"The dictatorial régime unified the country's laws, reorganized the State, improved the standing of farmers, strengthened the feeling of national unity, and stabilized the currency.

"Now the new era begins for further consolidating the State. The elections will be held before the end of the year."

With elation the Belgrade *Novosti* exclaims:

"We are progressing, consolidating ourselves, and we shal'

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never return to the old methods, the old evils. The royal manifesto reveals that the transition to constitutionalism will intensify national political activities."

The abandonment of King Alexander's dictatorship, some Vienna correspondents indicate, is partly due to the power of France's gold holdings. According to these reports, when the King sought a new loan in Paris, a condition set down was that he should restore the democratic government he had supplanted. This he was in no mood to do, but, as the story continues, he "needed the money."

It is interesting therefore to have the editorials cabled to us from certain French newspapers. Among them is the Paris *Figaro*, which suavely avers that the King "adopted this measure in a spirit of liberalism approved by the people."

Quite different is the view of the Paris *Populaire*, which assures us:

"Only in the last extremity, to avoid violent events, the king acceded to the counsels of his closest friends. It is certain that there was dissatisfaction over the Jivkovitch régime and that violence and corruption were great among the people."

"But at Last He Had to Get Off"
—"The Sunday Herald" (Dublin).

Barcelona's Boiling Caldron

A GENERAL STRIKE in which was mixed anarchistic revolt brought the always seething caldron of Barcelona's troubles to the boiling point.

The second largest city in Spain, Barcelona was practically paralyzed for two days—September 3 and 4—when the strike was declared off, altho the situation was said to remain grave.

Three persons were killed and five wounded on the night of September 4, according to a Barcelona Associated Press dispatch, in a fight between a party of surrounded strikers and police, in addition to many earlier casualties. The strikers, equipped with rifles, revolvers, and unlimited ammunition, held out for six hours in their stronghold, a trade union building, and we read:

"Light artillery was brought up, and the beleaguered men were threatened with bombardment unless they surrendered. They yielded, but police said that some of them used their firearms as they were being taken out of the building. During the fight sixteen of the forty prisoners escaped.

"With at least twenty-three persons killed, more than forty-five wounded, and hundreds arrested as a result of two days of disturbances, Barcelona's women took a hand in sporadic fighting between police and Communists to-day.

"Hundreds of women stormed the cathedral, where panic-stricken citizens had taken refuge, and shot at police from the roofs. The police replied to the sniping, killing at least one woman and wounding several others.

"Sobbing women, in the streets and on balconies, after failing to induce their menfolk to return to work by threats of a 'wives' strike,' besought them on bended knees to come home to safety.

"Syndicalist leaders called off the strike when the authorities displayed an unusual show of force, but there were indications of further trouble in store. Martial law has not been declared, but Spanish bluejackets were landed to protect the civil population.

"Every main street was patrolled by strong police squads. Any one who refused to stop when challenged was shot, in some cases with machine-gun bullets. Guards stood at every corner with carbines cocked, and citizens who ventured out had to move with their hands above their heads.

"Groups replied to the display of force with assaults on public buildings. The police station, post-office and town hall were besieged in turn, but in each case the raiders were driven off by police fire.

"Strikers manned trenches dug across the main roads leading to the city, and travelers had to come in by side roads."

The o igin of the trouble, according to Press dispatches, was the refusal of the syndicalists' demands for the release of prisoners in the local jail and for dismissal of Governor Anguera de Sojo.

A syndicalist organ, the Barcelona *Solidaridad Obrera*, in an editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, declares the entire strike hinged on the question of "*prisiones gubernativas*."

This Spanish phrase describes the system under which the authorities are said to order imprisonments without specifying any reason. It is "reminiscent of the *lettres de cachet* of the French Revolution," charges the *Solidaridad*, which continues:

"The general strike was a protest against the Civil Governor of Barcelona, and had its origin in a desire to remedy the situation of prisoners who were held because of purely social questions.

"The strike was ordered on account of a sentimental explosion, and for that reason received no concrete guidance, neither had it a specific purpose.

"Señor Anguera de Sojo behaved as a true reactionary. All the arrests which he had ordered were totally devoid of reason. By these arrests he brought shame upon the Republic and a greater shame upon the liberal spirit which exists in Catalonia."

One loser by the strike, it appears, is President Francisco Macia of the Catalan Generalidad, who in his campaign to free Catalonia within the Republic of Spain, is said to have drawn his chief support from the labor syndicates. He is sharply attacked by *La Vanguardia*, a Conservative daily. An editorial cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST from this newspaper caused a furor because of the following declaration:

"After the metallurgical strike was settled, Macia declared that he felt unlimited optimism. But now he has been given two formidable replies.

"The first was the shameful jail riot, during which the Civil Governor was insulted and nearly assaulted. The second was the stupid general strike, ordered by a bunch of irresponsible and anonymous persons, and accepted without a murmur by a city of a million inhabitants.

"Well, sirs, who governs the capital of Catalonia?

"It is demonstrated that neither Macia nor the Governor, neither the Mayor nor anybody in the Catalan Left party, nor even in the Sindicato Unico, rules.

"The ruler is an anonymous, hidden, despotic subsyndicate, which is more vague than a fantom and more effective than a plague."

THE failure of the general strike was brought about by public opinion, asserts the stanchly Republican Madrid *Crisol*, and in a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST this daily further avers:

"Such movements serve only to arouse in a democracy a feeling of its immeasurable power. This aspect of the strike produced only favorable consequences. The most immediate of these has been the separation of the extremists from the Catalan Left party, whose directors finally realized that it was a political mistake to remain linked with groups whose purposes were irreconcilable even with the most advanced Catalanism."

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The Brilliant "Ruffian"

BERNARD SHAW IS CREDITED with calling Frank Harris a ruffian.

The man who died in Nice, France, on August 26, is called quite a variety of opprobrious names in the current press—"a braggart," "a literary bounder," "a stormy petrel of the literary skies" (Philadelphia *Record*), "brilliant, erratic, erotic, self-revealing, shameless" (New York *World-Telegram*)—the epithets reflect the reactions of the various writers to a man whom all admit brilliant and gifted.

Shaw called him a ruffian, and it seemed to rankle in Harris, and he wrote the Irishman to ask why.

In Hesketh Pearson's "Modern Men and Mummers" (Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1922), we get Shaw's answer:

"I tell you you are a ruffian just as an oculist might tell you that you are astigmatic. . . . I have had to admit that you are a monster and that, clever as you are, it is impossible to ask any one to meet you unless they are prepared to stand anything that the uttermost freemasonry of the very freest thought and expression in the boldest circles can venture."

Shaw charges that Harris, when he took a lady in to dinner, always talked so as to outrage her convictions, even her sense of decency. Finally, Harris left London, it is said, because he was pro-Boer during that war. Shaw continues:

"Well, you are out of London; but you have left a reputation there, part of which consists of a vague impression that in some way or other you made yourself impossible, and had to go off to Monte Carlo and then to America, where you publicly shook the dust of London from your feet. People whose curiosity is roused by your writings ask, 'What is wrong with Frank Harris? Wasn't he a Jew, or a financial blackmailer-journalist, or another Verlaine, or a German spy, or something?' It is necessary to reply, 'No: he was simply the most impossible ruffian on the face of the earth,' and explain in the sense in which I have explained above. . . ."

Keystone photograph

Violent of Speech

Frank Harris, "brilliant, erratic, erotic."

ALL this and much more Shaw said, and of course ended up with, "As to myself, of course I am a ruffian."

Shaw's portrait of Harris must be taken as authentic, since their personal relations began when Harris edited *The Saturday Review* and Shaw wrote dramatic criticism for it.

Mr. Pearson's own portrait of Harris supplements Shaw's:

"The vigor and violence of his speech took my breath away.

"He had the most resonant voice I ever heard in my life, and the most uncompromising method of expressing himself. Almost, one might say, electric sparks flew out of him in every direction. This has gained him all his enemies, because the majority of people don't like being electrified. It has also gained him his greatest friends, because some people like the human dynamo."

To give a brief sketch of his life, we turn to the Minneapolis *Tribune:*

"When he came to this country from Ireland, in 1860, he began life as a bootblack, worked on the foundations of Brooklyn bridge, and subsequently was a clerk in Chicago, and a cowpuncher in Texas.

"He worked his way through college and law-school in Kansas, and returning to England in the 'nineties, he began upon his literary career. It was during this period that he made the acquaintance of all the great men of the period who formed the subjects for a long series of 'Contemporary Portraits.'

"When he took up the cudgel for Oscar Wilde, he said some things that were obnoxious to the English people, and had to return to America. He left America when, as editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, he exprest ideas that were too pro-German. Leaving America for the same reason that he had left England, because 'they treated me badly,' he sought freedom in France.

"But even there he failed to find the freedom that he longed for. His first volume of 'My Life and Loves,' which was banned both in England and America, he took to selling from his own bookstand in Paris, just as, earlier, he had sold his book on Wilde in New York.

"When he died in Nice, France, he had just completed a biography of George Bernard Shaw. When told of his death, Shaw said: 'Frank had to die some day; as a matter of fact, I think it is time that all men of his age and mine were dying.'

"Frank Harris was colorful in the way all rather brilliant and violent men are.

"He was witty; his tongue was sharp, and his pen crisp and sensational.

"His biographies of contemporary men were not always faithful to fact, but he had the flair of a reporter for hunting out sensational details in the life-stories he was portraying.

"Had Frank Harris been a younger man, he would have been a capable editor of a tabloid newspaper. Swashbuckler that he was, Frank Harris was also a writer of considerable ability."

THE relations of Shaw and Harris are likely to give rise to more than one controversy. The first we notice is one between Heywood Broun and Lewis Sherwin.

Broun wrote in the Washington *News:*

"Among the editors of the last fifty years he stands out as the most inspired scout. It was Harris who first picked Shaw from Grub Street, and gave a lift to Max Beerbohm.

"I think that one of the least lovable characteristics in Mr. Shaw is the lack of appreciation which he had for Harris. He treated his discoverer shabbily. Maybe that is all for the best.

"Harris did not thrive on gratitude. It was the snubs of Shaw which inspired him to sit down in his old age and attempt to pay the score.

"There is no point in trying to pretend that Frank Harris was one of nature's noblemen. Malice he used on many occasions as his favorite ink. And out of anger and irritation he could and did set down words which snarl and bite and sting.

"It should be sufficient epitaph to say:

"'He certainly could write like a god when goaded.'"

SHERWIN answers in the New York *Evening Post:*

"Apropos of the death of Frank Harris, my learned brother Heywood Broun made a misplay that not only was an error but perpetrated a real injustice to one of his betters—and mine, too. To wit, Bernard Shaw.

"Dr. Broun charged, specifically, that Shaw was guilty of snootiness and gross ingratitude toward Harris. This is posi-

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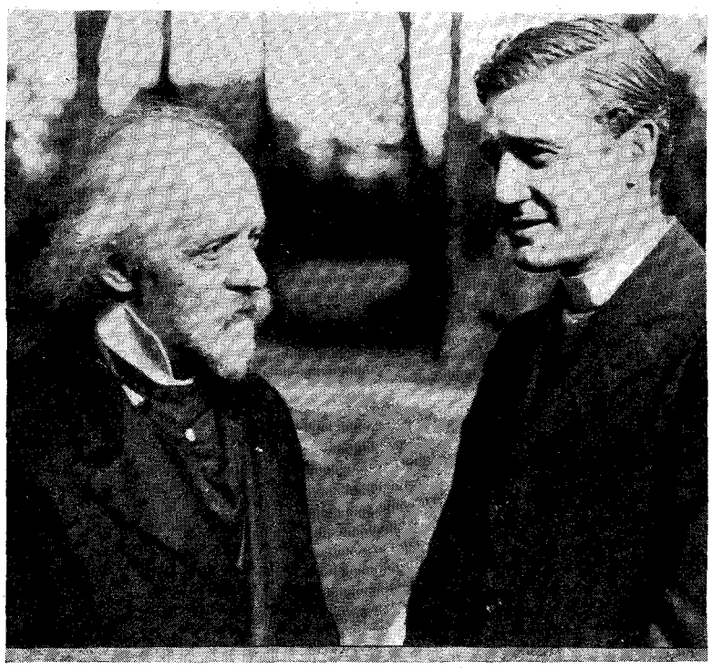
tively and unqualifiedly wrong. It is worse than wrong, it is foolish. The shoe, as a matter of fact, was on the other foot.

"I happen to know a good deal about the relations between the two men since Harris left London in 1914.

"Any snootiness between them emanated entirely from Frankie. Shaw's tone to him was always friendly, courteous, humorous, even generous. And Shaw undoubtedly 'lent' Harris considerable sums of money during the latter's distressful sojourn in New York.

"When Frank Harris was editing *Pearson's*, he was constantly writing provocative letters to Shaw. The latter would invariably reply, and invariably in amusing fashion. Harris thereupon would announce an 'article by George Bernard Shaw' for the forthcoming issue of the magazine. The 'article' would be Shaw's innocent answer to Frankie's letter."



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Talking Over "The Christian"

Sir Hall Caine discusses with Richard Dix the leading role in his greatest play and movie success.

Did Hardy Sham?

THE fountain of Barrie's whimsicality never seems to run dry, but he now gives it forth in speeches instead of books and plays.

He is obviously no believer in Hardy as a pessimist, but he suggests that the Wessex author began his discontent with life at an early age.

Sir James Barrie has just told a new Thomas Hardy story that carries a whimsical comment on his philosophy.

It was at the unveiling of a life-size bronze statue of the novelist and poet by Eric Kennington at Dorchester, the "Casterbridge" of Hardy's Wessex novels. Hardy admirers all over the world subscribed to erect the memorial.

This is Sir James's contribution to Hardiana as he is quoted in a wireless dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"When the child Hardy was born the doctor thought him dead and dropt him in a basket. That was an anxious moment for this country. But a woman slipt forward to make sure and found he was alive. A statue to this woman—Kennington could have done worse than to give us that!

"What interests me still more is this: Was Hardy shamming in the basket? If so, it was the only time in his life he ever shammed. Yet, knowing what we do of him now, we may think that at his first sight of life he liked it so little he lay very still. There was never any more faltering. An undaunted mind—that was Hardy. He was a great man. That was his hard fate."

Speculating about the statue's appearance, Sir James said:

"I hope it has grown so true of him that I shall even know what is in his pocket—probably a piece of string and an old knife."

There have been other Hardy memorials dedicated since the poet's death, one a granite monolith which Americans erected near Hardy's thatched cottage birthplace at Higher Brockhampton.

He Put the Isle of Man on the Map

HALL CAINE'S MISFORTUNE was to have been born a little ahead of the movies.

Thus reflects the Baltimore *Sun*, not unmindful that some of his novels were adapted successfully to the screen; yet it surmises that "that success would have been greatly magnified had it begun when he was at the height of his powers."

For all that he is reputed to have died as rich or richer than Kipling is said to be. Dispatches put his estate at $2,500,000.

His novels were widely read and went almost at once to the stage, thus enhancing his income.

Melodramatic as stories, they were sometimes dubbed hokum on the stage, but the public liked them both ways.

Another title to fame was his personal resemblance to Shakespeare.

Thus the Baltimore *Evening Sun:*

"Tho pretty much every one in England read him at one time or another, it was never considered good form to take him as seriously as he took himself.

"His bald head fringed with flowing locks and his tragic eyes were meat for the cartoonists, and humorists took delight in pointing to his spiritual affinity with that other melodramatic Victorian, Marie Corelli."

HIS bent for success was shown in early life when "he hitched his wagon to a star—that of Dante Gabriel Rossetti," as the long memoir in the New York *Herald Tribune* notes.

He wrote a lecture on Rossetti, sent it to the poet, who took his admiration in such part as to invite him to become his secretary. So he became initiated into literary London.

This was going far for the youth born in obscurity in the Isle of Man, his father a blacksmith, and his schooling ending when he was fourteen.

Yet, we are told, "already he had written on thousands of pages the paragraphs that later were to be published as a best seller, 'The Eternal City.'"

His literary career is thus summarized:

"As a young man he attracted attention with his 'Sonnets of Three Centuries,' his 'Life of Coleridge,' and 'Cobwebs of Criticism.'

"With these on his record he remembered the advice of Rossetti, that he should tell the story of the land of his boyhood, the Isle of Man, painting with his pen 'the pictures of a little nation standing apart, with its own race, its own laws, its own government, and its own customs.'

"So he wrote 'The Deemster,' a story of early life on the Isle of Man, and he went back there to live. 'The Deemster' was a success. An even greater success attended the publication of 'The Manxman.'

"These early novels established his reputation, and he became one of the 'sights' of the little island in the Irish Sea.

"He acquired Greeba Castle, one of the finest residences on the island, and for some years sat in the House of Keys, the Manx Parliament, while trippers from 'the colonies and America' made a Mekka of his home. That was thirty years ago.

"The natives did not altogether relish the advertising which the island received from Caine's writings.

"They were inclined to reproach him for having portrayed his principal Manx heroine as what was then called 'a fallen woman.' And the islanders, knowing their local history and the

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Wide World photograph

The Man Who Looked Like Shakespeare

Poses for his photograph in his garden at Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.

lore of their tiny isle, disliked the liberties which the author took with time and place.

"But Caine plugged away and his books were read.

"The central motive of most of them was taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is that of Esau and Jacob, 'The Scapegoat' that of David and Uriah, and 'The Eternal City' that of Samson and Delilah."

THE Richmond *News Leader* takes account of his work in relation to the profits:

"He had attracted attention by 'The Deemster' as early as 1887, but he established himself ten years later with 'The Christian.' When Viola Allen, in a red wig, carried the dramatized version of 'The Christian' to every one-night stand in the United States, Caine's fortune was made.

"The success of each new novel made it good material for the stage, and the popularity of each drama that bore his name helped the sale of his next novel. It was an endless gold chain, and Caine knew how to wind it.

"At the peak of the novelist's career, Beerbohm Tree staged his 'Eternal City,' with settings that took London's breath away. The play was a success. Thereafter, in content of mind, Caine slowly decreased his literary output and was wise enough not to attempt to market outmoded goods. His powers diminished more gradually than his production. 'The Woman of Knockaloe,' written when he was seventy, was one of his strongest novels.

"He was not great when set against his contemporaries Meredith and Hardy, but he made the Isle of Man familiar to hundreds of thousands of readers, and he had a respectable place on the lower shelf of English literature."

IT is always a problem whether popular success is indicative of enduring fame. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* toys with the question:

"There was genuine substance in Sir Hall Caine's writings, even tho they do not take their place with those of the masters of the art. Greater novelists than he have been doomed to at least temporary obscurity by the caprices of literary fashion.

"His equally popular contemporary, Marie Corelli, seems to be fading from the picture, along with those who have greater claims to immortality, such as Charles Reade and Mrs. Oliphant.

"Even Jane Austen and Trollope were for a time well-nigh forgotten. Yet these have come back into high favor, as Wilkie Collins is doing, and as Reade and Mrs. Oliphant yet may.

"The question of permanence really rests upon the finer qualities of art.

"It would be ungracious to suggest that the novels of Sir Hall Caine are as those of the author of 'Guy Livingstone' or other favorites of the Mid-Victorian era. There is a certain virility in them which overshadows their defects. If he fell short of greatness, he was still an author of no slight distinction."

The "Literary Digest's" Radio Voice

FOR ALL THOSE TO WHOM THE VOICE of Lowell Thomas has come over the air, the portrait which we present on the cover this week will be welcome.

Mr. Thomas's genial personality has already imprest itself, and his counterfeit presentment is no denial of what his hearers have already imagined.

Perhaps they have not all heard of his varied and picturesque career. Mr. Thomas was born in Woodington, Ohio, April 6, 1892. He was graduated from the Victor High School of Cripple Creek mining district, Colorado, in 1909. He went thence to the University of Northern Indiana, later to the University of Denver, and finally received his master's degree from Princeton. He began active life as a newspaper reporter, then editor, later occupying instructorships in Chicago Kent College of Law and at Princeton.

When Mr. Thomas was appointed chief of a civilian mission and sent to Europe by President Wilson to prepare historical records of the World War, his wandering life began. In turn he was attached to the Belgian, French, Italian, Serbian, American, British, and Arabian armies; he was historian of the Palestine campaign and Arabian revolution. He was an observer with the Hedjaz forces; he made historical and pictorial records of the German revolution, and acted as a reporter to the Peace Conference. In 1919 Mr. Thomas began an active career as lecturer on the Palestine and Arabian campaigns with motion-picture and symphony orchestra, opening at the Century Theater in New York in March. In August he was repeating this lecture in England, and shortly after embarked upon a two-year lecture tour of the world. He accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour of India in 1922, and made his début in Paris the following year with his lecture "Romantic India."

His published works include "With Lawrence in Arabia," 1924; "The First World Flight," 1925; "Beyond the Khyber Pass," 1925; "The Boy's Life of Colonel Lawrence," 1927; "The Sea Devil," 1927; "European Skyways," 1927; "Raiders of the Deep" and "Adventure in Afghanistan for Boys," 1928; "Woodfill of the Regulars," "The Sea Devil's Fo'c's'le," "The Hero of Vincennes," all in 1929; "The Wreck of the *Dumaru*," "Lauterbach of the China Sea," "India—Land of the Black Pagoda," all in 1930.

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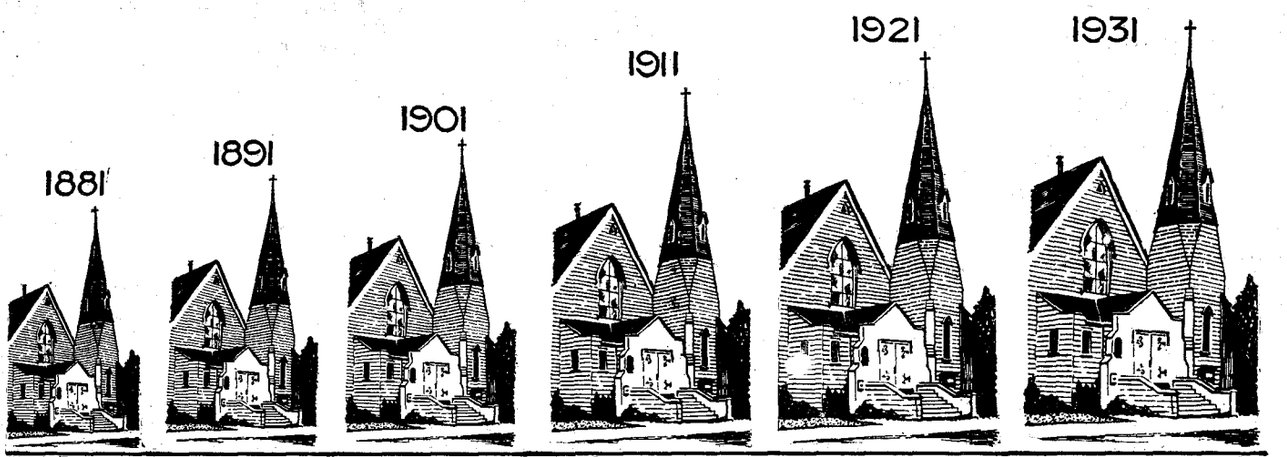

Figures by courtesy of "The Official Catholic Directory," published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York

Growth of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States in the Last Fifty Years

Will America Become Catholic?

"OUR WORK IS TO MAKE AMERICA Catholic," declared Archbishop Ireland more than forty years ago.

"The determined effort of the Roman Church to capture the great Republic makes the most interesting chapter in modern religious history," Dean Inge recently told the readers of *The British Weekly*.

What probability of success has this movement?

Practically none, according to the book, "Will America Become Catholic?" written by John F. Moore and published by Harper & Brothers.

Protestants who believe in the impending Catholic control of our national political life are giving way to "exaggerated alarm," Mr. Moore thinks, and if Catholics are hoping to gain such control, he adds, they are entertaining an "exaggerated hope."

After a survey of the cold facts, drawn mainly from Catholic sources, Mr. Moore, who was a Y. M. C. A. secretary, and is careful to stress that his book is the work of a Protestant, finds that the number of Catholics holding important political office is "ridiculously small as compared with the numerical strength of that great religious body."

Neither by gaining a majority of the population nor by developing a powerful minority leadership, he says, are they tending toward control.

Among the causes that he cites are restricted immigration, "leakage" to other communions, the celibacy of the clergy, and, perhaps most important of all, the fact that 75 per cent. of American Catholics live in cities, where families dwindle to nothing in two or three generations, while 75 per cent. of American Protestants dwell in country districts, where large families are still possible. To quote:

"A study made by Professor Galpin, of the United States Department of Agriculture, revealed the fact that 32,000,000 people residing in the rural districts have 4,000,000 more children than 32,000,000 people residing in the cities. He makes this significant comment: 'So the country holds the future.'"

THE claims as to Papal power in the United States, heard in some circles, Mr. Moore concludes, therefore, are without foundation. Referring to an article widely copied by the newspapers a year or two ago, he proceeds:

"The writer of this article said that over 70 per cent. of all appointments made by President Wilson were Catholics; that 62 per cent. of all offices in the United States, elective and appointive, are held by members of that Church; that 70 per cent. of the employees in the Treasury Department at Washington are Catholics; 50 per cent. of the civilian and 70 per cent. of the Army employees in the War Department are of the same faith; that in the Department of Justice 73 per cent., in Indian Affairs 95 per cent., and in the Education Bureau 60 per cent. are members of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Moore finds no facts to support these statements. While it was physically impossible to investigate the religious affiliations of all the 60,000 government employees at Washington, a study of those holding offices sufficiently important to be listed in the Congressional Directory, he says, showed that—

"In the State Department, of forty-three names listed, three were Catholics; in the Treasury Department, with 129 persons listed, four were Catholics; in the Department of Justice, of thirty-four listed, three were Catholics.

"Out of a total of 1,507 names listed and checked, we find seventy-six Catholics and ten doubtful. Therefore, instead of from 70 to 85 per cent. in the Executive Department at Washington, the record shows a paltry 5 per cent.

"There is no Catholic in the Cabinet of President Hoover, and but one member of that communion on the Supreme Court bench. In the diplomatic service Catholics are reported by one of their journals to be represented by fewer than 1 per cent. At this writing not a single one of the forty-eight States constituting the Union has a Catholic Governor."

IN Congress the number of Catholics is small, notwithstanding the estimated Catholic population of more than 20,000,000 in the United States, says the author. Thus—

"When we turn to the Seventy-third Congress we learn that tho the Catholics constitute approximately one-sixth of the population, there are but 35 members of that Church among the 435 Congressmen and but six Catholics among the 98 Senators.

"The Methodists, tho numerically fewer than half the Catholic body, have nearly three times as many Congressmen, and the Episcopalians, tho numerically not more than one-fifteenth the size of the Catholic Church, have five times as many Senators.

"Even tho Catholic representation among the clerical forces at Washington might be large, it most assuredly is not in evidence in the higher spheres where final authority and power rest.

"One is almost bewildered by the slight impression this great religious body is making upon the political consciousness of the nation in its larger and broader aspects.

"It is interesting to note that in the same Congress there were 65 Masons in the Senate as against six Catholics; there were 304 Masons in the House as against 35 Catholics; and at the present time, when no Catholic is officiating as Governor of an American State, 36 of the 48 Governors are of the Masonic fraternity. Yet

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there are about 20,000,000 Catholics in the country and only something more than 3,000,000 Masons.

"That there are local communities in which Catholicism has a strong hold and on whose official rosters a disproportionate number of its members are found, is probably true. Such cities, however, are not numerous, nor are they an index of nation-wide conditions.

"New York is an outstanding example of this type of civic community. The Catholic Church, tho strong, does not represent a majority of the population. There are more Jews than Catholics in New York City."

A leading editorial in a Catholic weekly, *The Commonweal* (New York), finds Mr. Moore's survey fair in spirit and in many respects worthy of serious thought by Catholics as well as Protestants. "A provocative and potentially most useful book," the editor calls it, continuing:

"Mr. Moore very candidly admits the logical right of any religion holding itself to be true to propagate its principles, and increase its membership. Catholicism is quite as well justified as Protestantism, in his view, according to its own lights, to convert America.

"But Protestantism is fully 'alinable with the Constitution of the United States. . . . In the case of Protestantism . . . there is no fundamental discrepancy between the State's theory of citizenship and that of these many communions.' While Mr. Moore does not expressly say that such a discrepancy exists between Catholicism and the Constitution, he raises that question—he raises it in a manifold fashion."

YET that question, important as it is, is even now obsolete, remarks *The Commonweal*, if Mr. Moore is correct in the answer which his whole book tends to give to another question—namely, is the Catholic Church really advancing in America? For—

"Deriving his evidence, for the most part, from Catholic sources, Mr. Moore, by inference mostly, yet none the less emphatically, tells us that Catholicism in the United States, far from threatening to dominate the nation, is faced by a crisis, made up of many factors, which point toward its decline even from its present position—and that he finds it to be decidedly inferior to the influence and power of Protestantism.

"Conversion is not supplying the place of immigration.

"Catholicism is only strong in urban life, and urban conditions inevitably tend to decrease all forces centralized among them.

"Educationally, and culturally, Catholicism is not contributing notably to American society. Birth control and the dying out of the Irish race are decimating American Catholicism.

"Protestantism, too, he infers, is faced by a crisis; so that 'there can not fail to be in the United States a vast population surrendered to indifference and disbelief. The issue is not whether America is to be made Catholic, but whether America, Protestant or Catholic, is to be made Christian. That is the task.'"

A Job-Lot of Jobs

"GIVE US THIS DAY our daily job."

That may not have been exactly the prayer of the unemployed coal-miners in the Birmingham mining district, but so the Rev. William T. Morgan of Warrior, Alabama, interpreted their appeal for help.

Single-handed, he set himself to the task of rehabilitating their families and removing their names from the State's charity list. A job, he thought, was better than a daily dole of bread. It was difficult, for the miners had to be trained in unfamiliar work. Their day as coal-miners was at an end.

Job-Maker

The Rev. William T. Morgan, who has attracted national attention by creating work for unemployed coal-miners in the Birmingham mining district.

So, as the Montgomery *Advertiser* tells us, he organized a group of families into a community center and taught them agriculture, shoe-repairing, and other trades. His undertaking, we are told, has attracted national attention, and now, after only a few months of effort, he is able to point to some practical results.

"What has been accomplished," he says, "is more of a surprize to me than to those who visit the center." As *The Advertiser* goes on:

"He and his workers have cleared about twenty acres of land, have taken about 75,000 feet of lumber from the timber on the land, out of which lumber the houses needed have been built, and crops are now growing 'beautifully.' 'The entire forty acres is now one large garden.'

"Mr. Morgan has fed every day for ninety days from 75 to 345 persons, one substantial meal at noon, and many at breakfast. Thousands of pieces of clothing have been distributed to the needy. Used garments have been repaired and used shoes have been repaired by his own workers.

"They now have a poultry plant complete with a capacity of 750 fowls, and about 100 fowls are in the pens. 'We are asking our friends throughout the State to donate other fowls until the plant reaches its capacity.' In connection with the poultry plant there is a class studying poultry-raising 'with a view of making it a life work.' But the largest class at the training center is the class in farming. Most of the men and their wives want to follow agriculture.

"There is a garage for the accommodation of young men studying the art and mystery of automobile mechanics. Other classes are maintained in shoemaking, carpentry, and furniture repairing.

"There is a complete canning factory, with a daily capacity of 2,000 cans. An experienced commercial canner instructs the students. There is also a large grist-mill which will

Off the Charity List

A group of Alabama coal-miners, whom the Rev. William T. Morgan made self-supporting after they were thrown out of work. Mr. Morgan himself was happily surprized at the results.

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soon be in operation. They will grind for the community as well as commercial purposes.

"One of the largest industries is the woman's work. About seventy-five women and girls have enrolled for the sewing classes, which are specializing in quilts. About twenty-five different patterns of quilts are being made out of new cloth."

Trained investigators from the National Red Cross and from the Department of Labor have visited the center, we read, and they told Mr. Morgan that nowhere in the country is a saner effort being made to solve the unemployment problem.

To go on with the story:

"School work is an important part of the experiment. Many of the residents, adults and children, are learning to read and write and mastering the rudiments of arithmetic. At the center there is a half-day of work and a half-day of schooling.

"And all of this has been done with less than $3,000 in cash. Marvelous! It is true that there have been liberal donations of certain materials, but the land had to be bought, and there were unavoidable expenses which could be paid only in cash.

"Mr. Morgan is now endeavoring to place the men and women he has trained in jobs as farmers, mechanics, cooks, etc.

"This shows what leadership, courage, and enthusiasm will do. Mr. Morgan has the zeal and the sense to initiate and carry forward the great enterprise to which he has dedicated his energies and talents.

"He is our candidate for the Birmingham *News*' annual loving-cup for that citizen of Birmingham who has performed the most notable community service."

Why Some Boys Go Bad

TWO BOYS, ONE FIFTEEN, one sixteen, living in different cities of the Middle West, recently confessed to brutal murders.

One committed murder to rob. The other shot down a policeman who had interrupted his swim in a school pool.

Both of these boy murderers, we are told, came from families much above the average in education, wealth, and opportunity. Why did they kill?

Because, for one thing, they had not enough to do and possest too many things they had not themselves earned, thinks the editor of *The Household Magazine* (Topeka), who remarks:

"The parents of one of them had installed in the home a special library in which he could read, study, and find reference works. That, obviously, is not quite like giving a boy a high-powered motor-car to play with, but it is likely to give a boy too large a sense of his own importance and too little a sense of the importance of other people.

"Too many luxuries that he has not earned give the lad the impression that he is entitled to anything he wants, and if he has an instinct for brutality he will not hesitate at any crime if he is interfered with."

MANY a rich or well-to-do man's son goes wrong, says the *Reformed Church Messenger* (Philadelphia), because everything comes to him too easily, without any exertion on his part. A fine example of wise parenthood, it thinks, is furnished by the distinguished Mayo brothers, surgeons, of Rochester, Minnesota, who are devoting their surplus funds to educating worthy young doctors, and it cites this recent statement of Dr. William Mayo in point:

"From 1894 onward we have never used more than half of our incomes on ourselves and our families; latterly, much less. My brother and I have both put ourselves on salaries. We live within them. The very roof of my house goes out of the possession of my family when I die. It is already turned over to the Foundation.

"I would not want my children deprived of the fun and the benefit of wanting something and going out and fighting to get it. And I think, from the rich men with whom I have talked, that this idea has penetrated far more deeply into American life than many imagine."

Where the Doctor's Bill Is $15 a Year

THE COMMUNITY HAD NO DOCTOR, and the child was dying of diphtheria.

It is almost unbelievable, but the story has it that the doctor summoned from a distance refused to administer the necessary antitoxin until the distracted father had borrowed the money to pay him for his services. When the price was finally forthcoming, the doctor administered the antitoxin, and the child was saved.

Anyway, the farmers in the northwestern section of Surry County, North Carolina, where the story originated, banded themselves together to employ a community doctor, and formed the Stewart's Creek Community Association to procure prompt, efficient, and cheaper medical attention.

That was nine years ago, and the plan, writes Charles H. Utley in the Winston-Salem *Journal and Sentinel*, has worked to the eminent satisfaction of both people and physician.

It is an answer to the problem of the country doctor, who must travel a wide circuit, wait long for his fees and do without the ordinary advantages which are the city practitioner's. Too often his fees do not meet his expenses. The community method of employing a doctor on a stated salary is not new, but new enough still for the mention of other and successful instances.

Nearly all the members of the Stewart's Creek Association are farmers whose lot is cast in varying degrees of prosperity. But they pull together, having learned the value of cooperation in other things as well. Mr. Utley tells us:

"Before the association was formed it cost from $20 to $25 to have a single visit from a Mount Airy doctor.

"Now it costs each cooperating family only $15 annually for doctors' bills. Little wonder the people are enthusiastic. And they claim that, along whatever other lines the people may differ, they are a unit in this matter.

"They go even beyond this, and claim that nothing has ever before so unified, solidified, and pacified and made friendly and neighborly the whole section. Neither politics nor religion has ever marred the harmony of the association.

"And when one considers that an average of 200 families constitute the association, the success has been rather remarkable, especially in view of the fact that all are country people, untrained in the school of experience for effective team work.

"When able, the people are expected to go to the office of the physician; but if not, he promptly answers their every call, day or night, hot or cold, rain or shine.

"They brag on their doctor. He is their friend, in every emergency, and his patients are loyal to him, pay his salary, and commend his skill and faithfulness."

THE community physician now employed, Dr. M. Y. Allen, we read, visits and is visited by his people, attends their church, is an exemplary Christian, a good neighbor, and a fine citizen. He teaches the people the laws of sanitation, proper diet, and happiness. He is friend as well as physician.

Other rural neighborhoods, writes Mr. Utley, have investigated the results of this community association and are discussing ways and means of organizing similar associations. As Mr. Utley puts it:

"Better and cheaper medical service is one of the pressing problems of the day.

"Many physicians tell us frankly they can not make a decent living; and all of us know to our sorrow and regret that few of us are able to consult a physician when his services are needed.

"Not only must this problem be solved, but the question of hospitalization must be met and solved as it has not been.

"Cooperation, in the near future, as it has not in the long past, must solve this and many other unsolved problems.

"Perhaps the greatest lessons of the future are to be learned, and the greatest benefits are to be realized, through cooperation. Economic necessity demands it; and common sense will wisely effect it."

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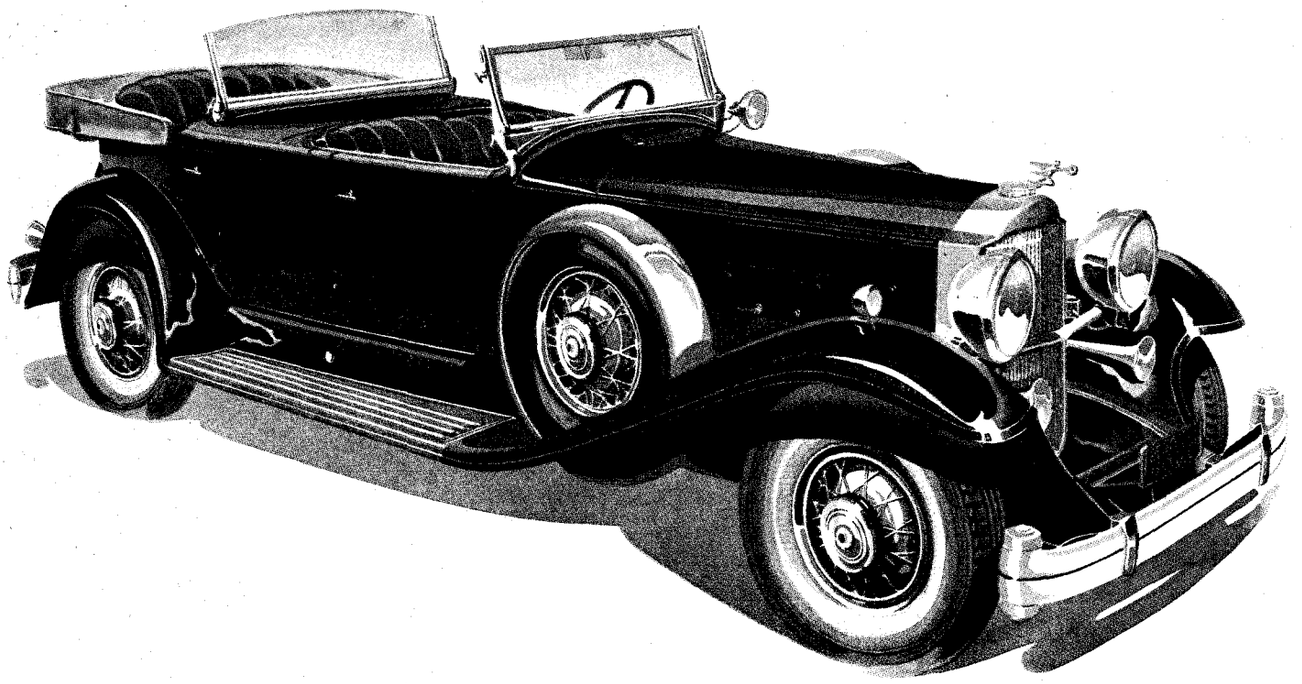
Packard



The new Packard Sport Phaeton is a smartly beautiful car—trim and yacht-like in its lines, modish and modern in its entire conception. Folding windshields front and rear, with a counter-balanced cowl to protect the tonneau, make it virtually a double roadster. All four passengers enjoy the thrill of open air motoring in *complete* comfort. ¶ The Sport Phaeton is one of the three handsome open models that are available on either the Packard Eight or the Packard Eight De Luxe chassis. The others are the Phaeton and the Touring Car. All embody the many new features and refinements which have established the new Continental Series Packards as supreme in the field of luxurious transportation. ¶ The new Packard cars are longer in wheelbase, wider in tread. The Straight-Eight engine, now "floated" on rubber, is quieter, smoother, more powerful. The transmission is four-speed synchro-mesh—easy and silent. While the new and exclusive Packard Ride Control—which permits instant adjustment of shock absorbers from the dash—provides a degree of riding comfort that has never before existed in motor cars. ¶ The new Packards are truly the cars of tomorrow. Why not have one today?

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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GENEROUS LENGTH HELPS PONTIAC GIVE YOU REAL RIDING COMFORT

Pontiac owners have been quick to discover that Pontiac, costing only a little more than the lowest-priced cars, gives *unusual riding comfort.*

There are many reasons for this. For instance, there's Pontiac's long wheelbase. Last year the car was quite long—longer than many—but now we have lengthened it still further for greater comfort.

Then the springs—they too are long, and varied in strength to carry the weight of each car model with just the right "give" for utmost riding ease.

Shock absorbers *can* be just "added on." Pontiac's are not. They're installed as a unit with the springs, and they gently supplement the spring action.

Pontiac's bodies by Fisher are insulated against cold, heat and noises and are upholstered in genuine mohair or whipcord over springs of the "tied-down" type.

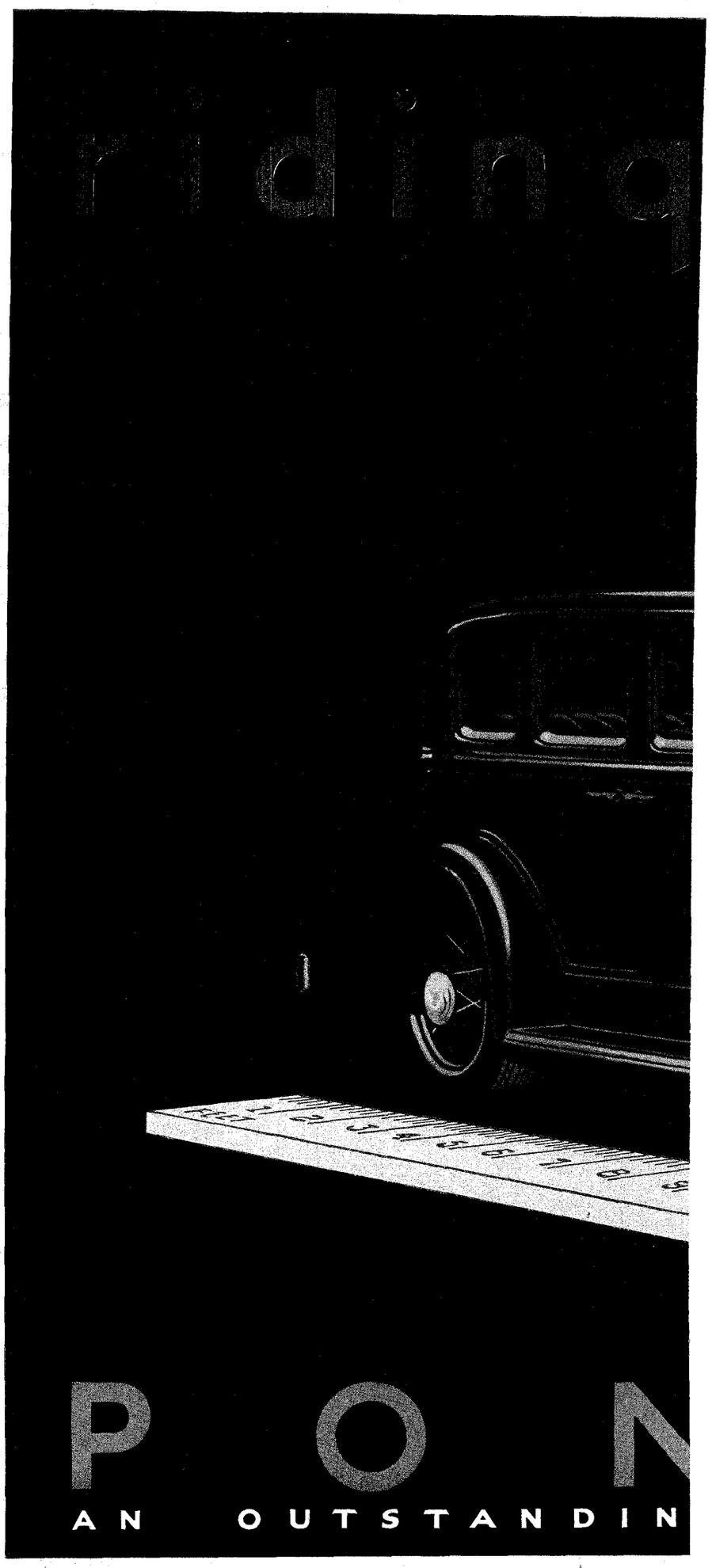
And all through this car—at 43 different points—we have placed big rubber cushions which absorb the minor shocks and stresses and noises.

When you drive the Pontiac, you'll like it for its safety, too. The car is built very close to the road. Its over-all height is only 69½ inches. And, due to a new rim design, Pontiac's tires hold the road with the full width of the tread. That and powerful braking leverage help a lot on slippery streets or gravel roads. The brakes are what we call a "self-energizing" type—the linings tend to "wrap" slightly and so grip the 12-inch drums more tightly. And you can steer the Pontiac as easily as you stop it, for the steering wheel is geared to multiply your steering effort 14 times.

Much as you like Pontiac for its comfort and safety, you'll like it even more when you find what economy it gives you. When we speak of economy, we mean more than just low first cost. We mean also the impressive gasoline mileage that results from thrifty design, the long life of well-cooled oil, the endurance of heavy tires and the saving in upkeep costs.

Try the Pontiac. Learn all it offers. And remember, when you buy it, that liberal G. M. A. C. payment terms are an added convenience, and that Pontiac's *delivered* price includes complete factory equipment —front and rear bumpers, four hydraulic shock absorbers, five wire wheels, and extra tire, tube and tire lock.

OAKLAND 8—PONTIAC 6
TWO FINE CARS



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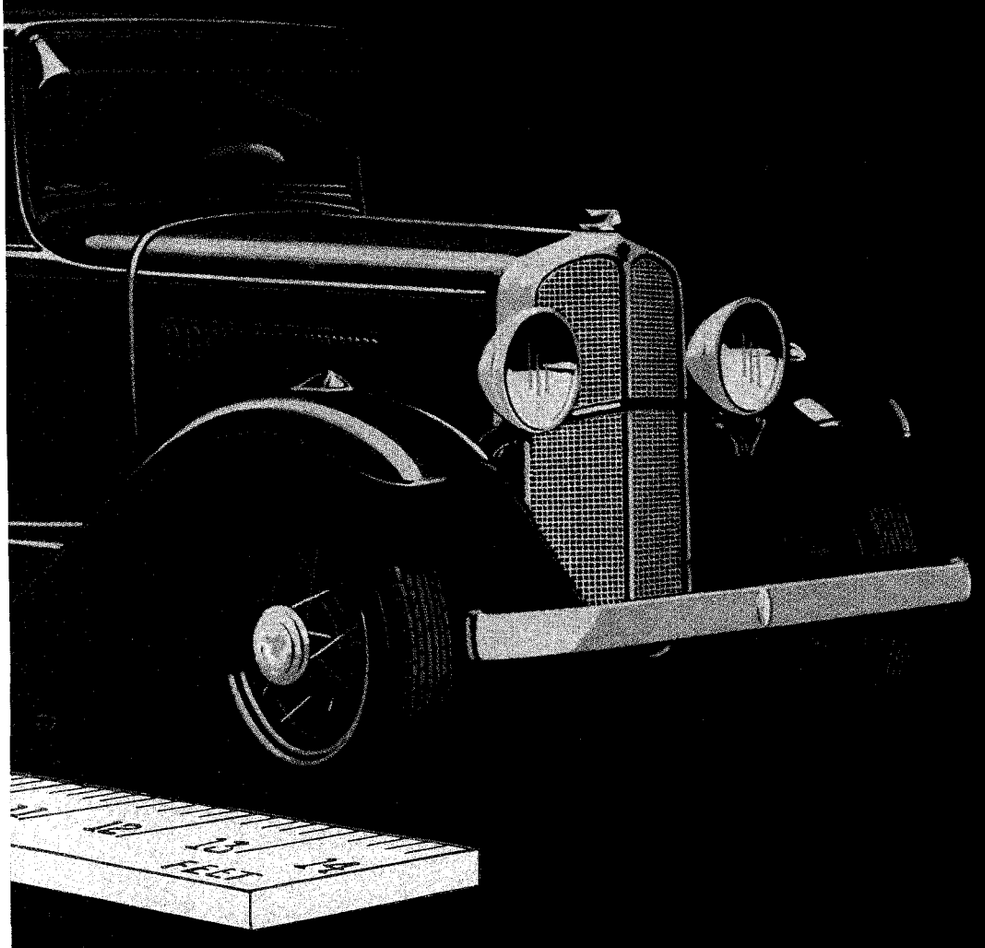

T I A C

GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

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CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Amidst so much skepticism a voice here and there has not forgotten its faith. In the Philadelphia *Bulletin:*

THE CONQUERORS SPEAK

By Charles Bancroft

"We live! we live!" the dead they cry,
"The guns have ceased their firing.
You may not see us marching by,
Or have our dreams inspiring.
But if you knew our battle song,
The faith that keeps us going,
The faith that sends us marching on
It would be worth your knowing.

"We rest, we rest, beyond the light
For greater things are calling;
Ye, too, be brave, fear not the night,
When high ideals are falling.
The broken sheath, the rusted blade,
The standard torn and tattered.
And all the foolish plans we made
That never really mattered.

"We know, we know what life now means,
This is our great adventure;
No self-appointed one may choose
To be his brother's censure.
No kings dictate, no powers we fear,
Our part needs no rehearsal.
For we have reached God's higher plain
Where love is universal."

We read many "poems" to which the criticism hidden in these verses, published by *The Saturday Review of Literature* (New York), applies most pertinently:

IMPECCABLE

By Melville Cane

Each line ran fleet and flawless,
In perfect pairs, each rhyme;
No vocable, no syllable
But served the general chime.

Each adjective was fitting,
Each fitted noun correct,
Each metaphor and simile
Enriched the proud effect.

One sought in vain the tasteless,
Inept or crude or wrong,
One could not find the slightest lack
Of art, detect the faintest crack
To extricate the song.

Serene and tender wistfulness pervades a little lyric we snatch from an obscure position in the columns of the London *Sunday Times:*

MEMORIES

By Pauline Huthwaite

We will not keep among our memories
The weariness and pain, the haunting fears,
But the sweet things of youth we will remember—
Its joys and not its tears.

The hopes, the dreams, the glad adventuring,
Laughter and love—these, like the trees and flowers
And all the loveliness of star and cloud,
Shall be forever ours.

We will remember in the time to come
When clear lights ripple and when young winds run
In orchard grasses, how we once would dance
In Summer wind and sun.

And when, in that far twilight of our lives,
We sit with calmly folded hands and seem
To sleep, we shall be running with the wind
And dancing in our dream.

In *The Spectator* (London) a long shaft is hurled at two groups of popular newspapers of London. The suggestion is worthy of wider application:

ADVICE TO AN EDITOR

By Jan Struther

When you feel that things are slow,
When your stock of news runs low,
When the murder-market's slack,
When there seems a woeful lack
Of your usual resources,
Of the earthquakes and divorces,
City frauds, fiasco fights,
Channel swims, Atlantic flights,
Storms, catastrophes and crimes
Which, in ordinary times,
Eagerly the great B. P.
Swallows with its breakfast tea—
When, I say, you're short of copy
Don't grow lachrymose and sloppy.
Quell those sighs and stem those tears:
Emulate the Fleet Street Peers.
When news is scarce and hard to get,
Don't grumble, I implore you.
The paper need not suffer: let
Your readers write it for you.

Take a leaf, Sir, from the book
Of the great Lord Botherbrook;
Take another—never fear—
From the wise Lord Rievermere:
When you're running short of news
Give more space to "Readers' Views."
Ask them daily to express
What they think of modern dress,
Shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
Sex-appeal and income-tax.
For the Women's Page, invite
Hints on keeping doorsteps white,
How to treat the common cold,
Moths and mice and iron-mould;
Raid each housewife's little store
Of pathetic, hard-won lore.
(Pay? Perhaps: but take this hint—
People *love* their names in print.)
When news is scarce and hard to get,
Don't grumble, I implore you.
The paper need not suffer: let
Your readers write it for you.

What? By some misfortune still
All your space you fail to fill?
Come, a fresh campaign begin—
Rope your readers' children in.
Never mind their tender age:
Make *them* write the Children's Page.
Publish contributions by
Roy Smith (12), of Ross-on-Wye;
Stories from the fertile pen
Of Priscilla Perkins (10);
Thoughts on current politics
From Jemima Jackson (6);
Lastly (sound of toddlers' feet
Being proverbially sweet)
Let your major poet be
Kenneth Higginbotham (3).
When news is scarce and hard to get
Don't grumble, I implore you.
The paper need not suffer: let
The Kiddies write it for you.

The writer in the New York *American* states the facts as being more impressive than moralizing:

FAILURES

By Wilfred J. Funk

Dolt he is who weaves a verse,
Dullard who attends an art,
He will find within his purse
A broken heart.

He who leaves the given way
Following a starry cross—
Pity him, for he will pay
In bitter loss.

The third generation in a poetic family speaks here in the New York *Times:*

CONFLICT

By Kenton Kilmer

Weasel and otter and wolf and tiger
Slay and devour;
War to death from Yukon to Niger,
Hour by hour.

Circles the eagle on straining pinion
Into the sky;
Taloned symbol of Death's dominion,
Bolt from on high.

Under the ripple of wind-blown water,
Under the sea,
Peace there is not, but strife and slaughter
Endlessly.

The radiant color of a Western "sky-scape" is vividly translated into vivid imagery in this lyric, which we find in *The Dalhousie Review* (Halifax, N. S.):

A PRAIRIE SUNSET

By E. J. Pratt

What alchemist could in one hour so drain
The rainbow of its colours, smelt the ore
From the September lodes of heaven, to pour
This Orient magic on a Western plain;
And build the miracle before our eyes
Of castellated heights and colonnades,
Carraran palaces, and cavalcades
Trooping throughout a city in the skies?
A northern cloud became a temple spire,
A southern reach showed argosies on fire;
And in the centre, with unhurried feet,
Came priests and paladins, soon to descend
To earth with swinging censers to attend
The God of harvests down amidst his wheat.

And scarcely less resplendent was the passing,
When with the night winds rising on the land
The hosts were led by a Valkyrian hand
To their abodes—accompanied by the massing
Of amber clouds touched with armorial red,
By thrones dissolving, and by spirals hurled
From golden plinths, announcing to the world
That Day, for all his blazonry, was dead.
And when, like a belated funeral rite,
The last pale torch was smothered by the night,
The mind's horizon like the sky was stripped
Of all illusion but a fable told
Of gods that died, of suns and worlds grown cold
In some extinct Promethean manuscript.

Here is a sea mood that comes between intervals of storm and sea stress. In *The Sunday Times* (London):

SEA-PIECE

By the Hon. Eleanour Norton

Exquisite is the sea
In the moonlit night,
And exquisite the foam
Like lines of light.

Far from the coast of France
A light wind blows,
As delicate and soft
As a summer rose.

Far, far overhead,
Like a myriad eyes
The solemn, exquisite stars
Enrich the skies.

The dreaming earth is still,
And for an hour
Beauty is captive bound,
Like a bird, or flower.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Tax-Assessors Up in the Air

JUST ASSESSMENT, EQUABLE TAXATION, receipts increased 60 per cent., and everybody satisfied!

This almost incredible result follows putting the assessor in an airplane and letting him map the assessable real estate with an aerial camera.

Progressive towns, we are told by Kent Sagendorph, writing in *The World's Work* (New York, September), are making their new tax maps from the air. "Tax cameras have eagle eyes," says the author in his title. They are "honest, unforgetting, all-seeing, and accurate." What they show can not be disputed. Writes Mr. Sagendorph:

"By a combination of scientific theory and elimination of error through repeated trial, a method of equalizing local tax assessments has been evolved which has three much-sought-for objectives: it stops complaints from the taxpayers about unjust assessments, because the method is easily understood and explained. It has, in every instance, brought in increased tax returns in spite of a reduced tax rate. And, most important, it is absolutely impartial, fair to all—taxpayer, assessor, and local official.

"Most of the injustices in the present tax methods can be traced to lack of dependable information. Only a pitiful fraction of American towns and cities have anything like an up-to-date property map of the land within their borders. The first step, then, is to call in an aerial mapping crew and the modern aerial camera. Property lines are drawn on the map, members of the appraisal crew examine every building and every parcel of land with their own instruments and technical skill; scientific valuations are placed on each property, and the whole is itemized and totaled on a physical inventory of all the property assets of the community. Then the budget for the next year is divided by the total on the grand list. The result is the tax rate. Clerks then compute every property owner's share of the amount to be raised, based on the current valuation. Thus the mysterious process of assessment is reduced to a simple problem in arithmetic.

"The thunderstruck taxpayer, as he reads the head-lines in the local paper, finds hundreds of buildings and pieces of property that had escaped previous lists. Thousands of dollars of new tax funds are brought in. The budget has been raised to allow for a new fire-house, roads, schools. The grand list jumped millions overnight. And all this in spite of a sweeping reduction in the tax rate!

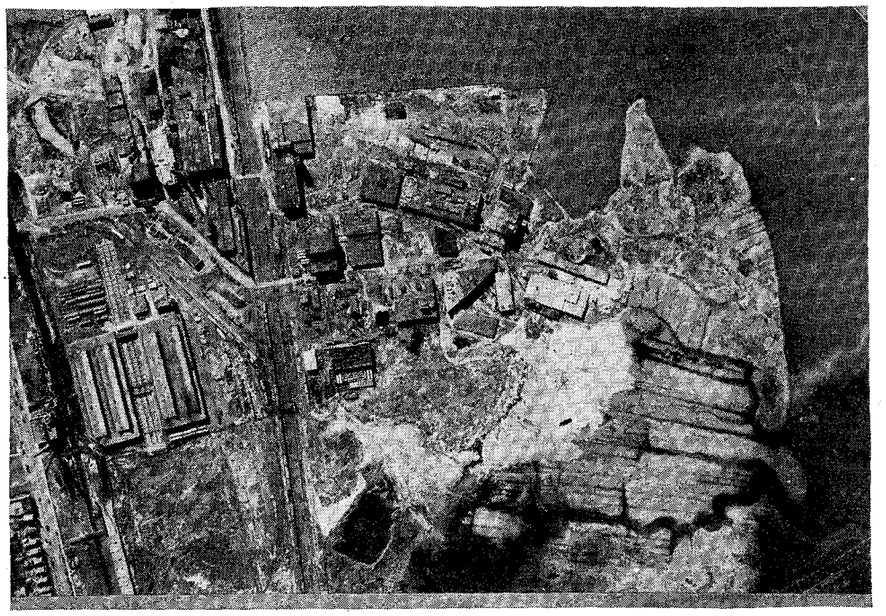
"The most recent instance furnishes several startling figures. Never has the complete failure of the old-time tax-assessment scheme been demonstrated so clearly and so quickly. This is a city of 5,981 inhabitants, within commuting distance of New York, and boasting the highest per capita wealth in the country! It comprises a series of millionaires' mansions in wide, well-groomed lawns among rolling hills, with humble bungalows of low-salaried commuters scattered in between. It was mapped, from an airplane flying at an altitude of 7,200 feet, at a scale of 600 feet to the inch. Sections of this map were then enlarged to a scale of 100 feet to the inch, property boundaries were drawn, and then the appraisers attacked without mercy.

"A public-utility company that supplies the town with power had three substations and auxiliary equipment for this purpose, listed on the tax roll for a total valuation of $20,000. The appraisers found $46,000 worth of electric-light poles alone, not to mention wires, cross-arms, transformers, or anything else. This $20,000 valuation was increased more than 1,900 per cent., without a word of protest from the company. The total valuation of all property in the town grew from $121,000,000 to $193,296,490.

"The bankers, at first suspicious of the aerial camera and the outside appraisal crew, sat back with relief when these figures were compiled. It meant that their margin of safety in existing mortgages was higher, and that they would be justified in selling more bonds. The sharp increase of valuations in the grand list had a highly beneficial effect on financial dealings of all kinds. Real-estate values were so much higher that many persons found their wealth doubled overnight.

"An interesting comment on this situation is that altho sudden increases totaling $71,000,000 had been dealt out to the wealthy inhabitants of this city of 6,000, almost nobody complained. Nor was a voice raised when the commuters got their 29 per cent. reduction. These facts should show, better than any amount of argument, that unequal assessment of local taxes is an actual, even a general, condition.

"Thus we arrive at the best tonic for the local tax system—air, light, and a doctor who uses a lens."



Photograph by Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Waterfront Property May "Grow"; Owners May "Forget" to Report

The camera ends all argument.

Lightning and Forest Fires

THE U. S. Forest Service has been making a study of lightning storms in the national forests of the northern Rocky Mountain region, where lightning causes more fires, more damage and more expense for suppression than do all other agencies combined. During one day—July 12, 1926—more than 150 fires were started by lightning in the Kaniksu forest alone—an area of 600,000 acres. Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his *Why the Weather?* a Science Service feature (Washington):

"According to H. T. Gisborne, of the Forest Service, an analysis of 14,754 reports from fire lookouts stationed on mountain tops during the five-year period 1924–1928, inclusive, shows that about thirty-four lightning storms out of 100 caused fires. The degree of fire hazard depends upon the duration of the rainfall ahead of and following the lightning, the electrical activity of the storm, and the percentage of flashes confined to the clouds or passing between clouds and earth. One interesting result of this study is that 'dry' thunder-storms (in which no rain reaches the ground) are much less prolific, relatively, of fires than has heretofore been assumed. Less than one-tenth of all the storms were dry, and about one-third of these started fires, whereas about one-third of the wet storms also started fires. Mr. Gisborne finds an explanation for this apparent anomaly in the fact that in dry storms the flashes are generally few and mostly confined to the clouds."

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American Rubber at Last

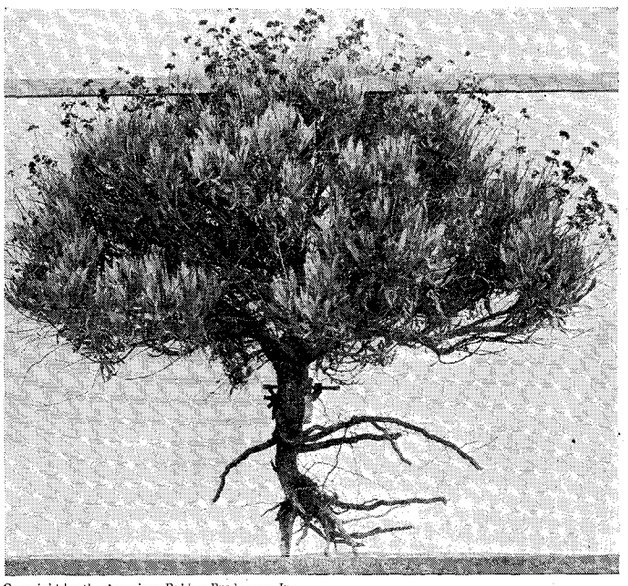
THE GUAYULE SHRUB, a commercial source of india-rubber that can be grown outside the tropics, is now being successfully cultivated in California, and rubber is being manufactured from it.

Guayule rubber constituted about one-fifth of our American supply as early as 1910. Twenty years of research have now developed varieties of plant, and methods of cultivation and extraction, appropriate to our climate.

It is asserted by *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York), in an article from which we quote below, that this rubber plant, as a farm crop, is now available for growth over considerable areas of our country. We read:

"Before 1910, practically the entire rubber supply came from wild sources; the bulk of it from the Amazon Valley, where both hevea- and castilloa-trees are native; but also from African vines and grasses, from ficus and other trees native to the Middle East, from castilloa-trees found in southern Mexico and the Central and South American republics, and from the guayule shrub, which, as a native growth, is found only in northern and central Mexico.

"With the single exception of guayule, all these plants originally grew within a frostless band extending around the earth, with northern and southern limits not exceeding 14 degrees on either side of the equator.



Copyright by the American Rubber Producers, Inc.

One-Sixth of the Plant Is Rubber

When it reaches maturity, at four years.

"On the high, arid plateau of central Mexico, with a small projection extending into Texas, there occurs as a natural growth a shrub or miniature tree locally known as guayule, and world-wide search has failed to find it anywhere outside of this area of about 130,000 square miles.

"As early as 1852 it was known that the bark of this shrub contains a distinctive resin. This gum—'guayule rubber'—can be recovered from the bark by chewing.

"Similar as this product is to the plantation rubber of the East Indies, the plants themselves could hardly be more dissimilar.

"Instead of a lofty tree, we have a shrub rarely over two feet in height; instead of a milky sap, the rubber is incased in special cells; instead of the moisture and tropical conditions of the rubber plantation, the native home of guayule is in the high, semidesert regions, where heavy winter frosts appear to be necessary to its proper development.

"Beginning in 1888, a series of unsuccessful attempts were made to extract in marketable form the rubber known to be present in guayule. In 1900, a solvent process was patented by an Italian chemist, William Prampolini. In 1902, he succeeded in interesting Thomas Fortune Ryan and Senator Nelson W. Aldrich in his proposal, and means were provided for a thorough test—with unsuccessful commercial results. However, they established laboratories and began an exhaustive series of experiments and studies under William A. Lawrence, ably assisted by his daughter, Clara Louise Lawrence. Their work finally resulted in a purely mechanical process, patented by Lawrence in October, 1903. The present continuous process was patented in 1928.

"This was followed, in 1904, by the erection of a small commercial unit at Torreon, Mexico; the successful sale of the product and the design and erection during 1905 and 1906 of a factory having a monthly capacity of 1,000,000 pounds of wet rubber.

"In 1910, guayule rubber made up 19 per cent. of America's total rubber supply."

THUS, we are assured, there is nothing new or mysterious about guayule. It is already second on the list of commercial rubber-producing plants, but until this year the supply was limited. Only its domestication and commercial cultivation in the United States is new. It has taken twenty years of scientific research to isolate the most responsive varieties, and to develop cultural methods. We read further:

"A new extraction plant of 15,000 pounds initial daily capacity is now in current operation near Salinas, California. The raw material comes from over 6,000 acres of unirrigated plants now growing on light upland soils previously dedicated to beans and barley.

"Those responsible for this undertaking believe that guayule shrubs have certain inherent advantages over hevea-trees as a dependable source of America's crude rubber requirements.

"With over 25,000,000 automotive vehicles in operation in the United States, who will deny that our modern civilization depends on the convenience of this method of transportation? Also, who will deny that its continuance depends on a continuing supply of suitable crude rubber?

"In its native habitat, the Amazon Valley, contagious leaf diseases, fatal to hevea, are known to exist. They are similar to our chestnut blight and the blight that wiped out the imported Liberian coffee-trees in Malaya. We now depend on these native areas for about one-third of our total supply.

"If we are ever isolated from the Orient in war time, our armed forces would be handicapped by lack of an essential commodity. Practically our entire supply now depends on the continued docility of a million Orientals.

"There is now available, for the first time, an effective form of insurance against a prolonged shortage of raw material essential to our modern civilization, and which at the same time provides a greatly needed new farm crop inured to a sparse supply of water and adapted to large areas of marginal grain and cotton lands—this aside from the fact that under normal conditions the United States sends $300,000,000 per year out of the country for its rubber supply. There can be little doubt that our national common sense will see to it that the job is done."

Private Sunshine for Canaries

THE daily routine of these pets, like that of human beings, allows them little opportunity to bask in the sunshine.

Hence, until L. C. Porter of the General Electric's engineering department solved the problem by supplying individual "suns" for his canaries, the only method of helping the birds was by mixing cod-liver oil with their food. Says Guy Bartlett in a press bulletin issued by the company (Schenectady, N. Y.):

"Most of to-day's canaries are from the Hartz Mountains in Germany, where high altitudes afford plenty of sunshine. The birds here are all the more delicate for being denied the ultra-violet in the natural rays of the sun.

"Mr. Porter began by equipping his bird-cages with an ultra-violet lamp. Used several hours a day, the lamp not only furnishes two birds with sufficient ultra-violet to maintain their health, but also gave the cage an exceedingly attractive appearance, both by day and night.

"The birds seem to enjoy the radiation, fluffing their feathers, singing, and hopping up near the lamp. When breeding cages were equipped with these lamps, tests showed that the artificial sunlight increased egg production, raised the percentage hatchability of the eggs, prevented rickets, and developed stronger and healthier birds, in less time than is the case without sun-lamps. One commercial breeder, specializing in the care of sick birds, is using such lamps in experiments with his feathered patients."

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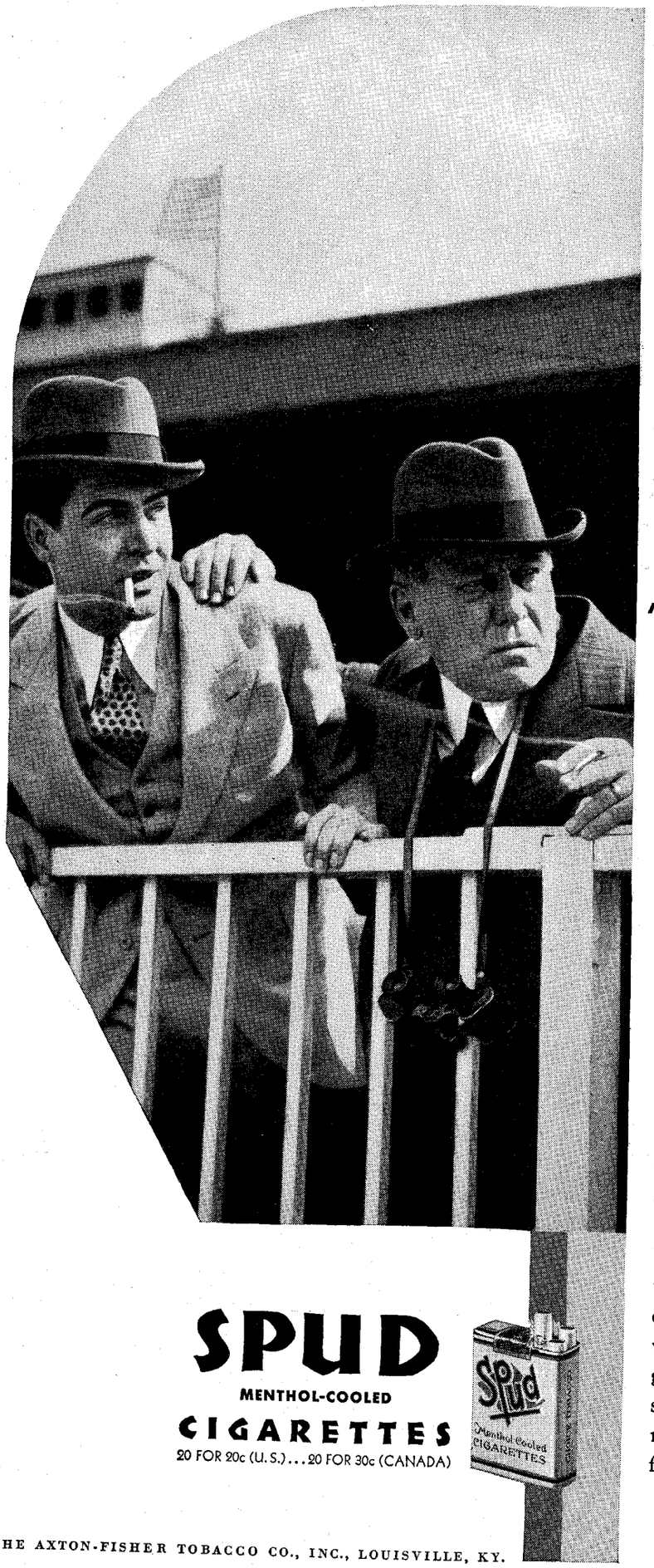

DOES "THUNDER ON THE TRACK" SPEED YOUR CIGARETTES?

Then you'll want that Cleaner Taste!

When thoroughbreds thunder into the home stretch and things you hope for are in the balance by a nose... do your cigarettes take up the pace? That's the time to learn that Spud is a thoroughbred too! For Spud's cooler smoke always leaves your mouth moist-cool and comfortably clean, no matter how long or concentrated your session with its lusty tobacco fragrance. Occasional smoker or 2-pack-a-day smoker, Spud is the "mouth-happy" cigarette... the grand new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

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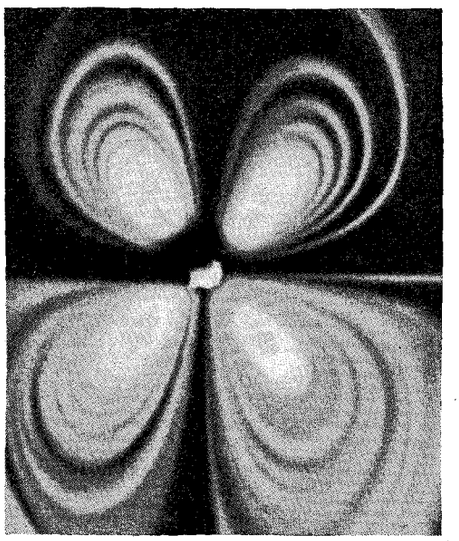
What Goes On in an Organ Pipe

MAKING SMOKE RINGS in organ pipes, to show up the little cyclones that whirl in them when obstacles are placed in the openings, is the curious mode of research adopted by a London physicist, Prof. E. N. da C. Andrade of University College.

These little cyclones, or vortices, have important effects on the tones of the pipes. By photographing them in smoke, Professor Andrade is able to check up the accuracy of mathematically calculated theories never before tested. Says *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

"His smoke method is an improvement on the one previously in use, which was devised by a German scientist named Kundt. The Kundt method employs dust, but since dust particles are much bigger and heavier than smoke particles, the older method is less sensitive.

"Professor Andrade is engaged in an investigation of what happens to the air in such musical tubes as the pipes of an organ when they are producing their tones. He has found that the smoke particles show by their motion the exact motion of the air. The circulation of air in such tubes had been predicted by the late Lord Rayleigh, but was never shown before. The most beautiful photographs are obtained when a small obstacle is placed in the path of the air-currents. New vortices are formed in the neighborhood of a cylindrical barrier in a way that is very striking and can not be easily shown by any other kind of experiment."



Smoke Rings in an Organ Pipe

Pneumatic Railroad-Tires

AFTER two years of experiment, a pneumatic tire for railway cars has been perfected by engineers of a French tire company, according to a dispatch made public by the New York *Sun* foreign service.

Cars equipped with such tires will shortly be put in service on some French railway lines, we are told. To quote the dispatch:

"The correspondent was invited to the first demonstration of the new invention which, it is claimed, will revolutionize railroading, rescue many a rail line from bankruptcy, and place it on a paying basis.

"The new cars look exactly like gigantic motor-buses on rails, except for the relatively small tires, which are only about four inches in diameter, or about twice the width of the ordinary rail. Each wheel is equipped with a steel flange, independent of the tire, bolted to the rim. In the model built for twenty-four passengers, with two large baggage compartments, the car weighs only 4½ tons, and its construction resembles that of an airplane fuselage. It is said to consume a third less gasoline than a motor-bus of the same capacity.

"The demonstration cars were equipped with speedometers in full view of the passengers, and as we went from a dead stop to fifty, sixty, and even seventy-eight miles an hour with the rapid acceleration of an automobile, it was possible to continue talking in ordinary conversational tones. There was a total absence of jolting and noise.

"Another remarkable feature is the ease with which the car can be stopt. A steam train running at fifty miles an hour requires about 1,100 yards to stop. The 'rail-car' on pneumatic tires can be stopt in a little over 100 yards. The problem of punctures and blowouts gave the engineers a great deal of trouble, as the flattening of a tire would drop the flange of the wheel about four inches, and the flange would bump along on the ballast or ties and possibly cause a derailment. The difficulty was solved by placing a wooden hoop over 3½ inches in diameter inside the inner tube. When a tire is punctured the weight of the car is carried by this wooden hoop. At present the new 'rail-cars' will be used only on secondary lines, where traffic is light and irregular and where heavy steam trains are operated only at great expense, and frequently with heavy losses."

Humane Chemical Warfare

THE USE OF "DEATH RAYS" and chemicals in warfare is greatly misunderstood, asserts Wallace S. Mullett, staff correspondent of the International News Service, in a recent dispatch from London. Far from being the most terrible form of warfare, they are the most humane, according to the secretary of the American Chemical Society. We read:

"'Much that is talked about death rays being used for shattering cities is perfect nonsense,' declared Prof. Charles L. Parsons, secretary of the American Chemical Society, before two thousand members at the Jubilee Conference of the Society of Chemical Industry here. 'A tremendous amount of sensational material is put out in reference to chemical warfare which has no real basis in fact.

"'I do not believe that the chemists of the world, anywhere, are making any special attempt, as many people imagine they are, to develop new forms of poison gas for the next war.

"'One thing I would like to emphasize,' Professor Parsons declared. 'Chemical warfare is greatly misunderstood. Far from being the most terrible form of warfare, it is the most humane. The popular mind does not carry that impression.

"'It may sound strange, but this is demonstrated by facts, and in America, England, France, and Germany the facts are essentially these: At the close of the war, while 30 per cent. of the casualties came from gas, yet gas was responsible for only 2 per cent. of the deaths. That can be proved.

"'All warfare is terrible, and I want to see it done away with. But if we must have warfare, then chemical warfare is going to be the least terrible aspect of it.

"'If you want to stop 100,000 men from crossing a river, chemical methods will do it more effectively, with less death and suffering, than anything else.'"

Treating Tooth Cavities by Diet

CAREFULLY regulated eating, as promising mankind freedom from decaying teeth, and even the healing of those in which decay had made considerable progress, was suggested at a recent meeting of dentists at Washington, according to an account in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

The successful healing of decayed teeth solely through special diets was reported by Dr. Sherman L. Davis, at a dinner given by the Capitol Clinic Club in his honor.

Dr. Davis, we are told, is credited with recent discoveries which may bring about profound changes in the practise of dentistry. Says the writer:

"A case of the filling of a cavity in a tooth without mechanical assistance in Washington was described. At least a dozen similar cases were said to have been reported by dentists in various parts of the country, and it was held to have been demonstrated that decay of the teeth almost always can be prevented, and in many cases arrested after it has made progress, through dietary treatment.

"Dr. D. C. Robinson, chief surgeon of the Youngstown and Inland Steel Corporation, described Dr. Davis's accomplishment as 'one that bids fair to rank with that of Louis Pasteur,' and Dr. M. A. English, a Washington physician, said he was 'so imprest from a medical standpoint' that he would insist on every new case of his taking an examination to determine whether there was need for the nutritional treatment.

"The Washington case of self-restoration of a tooth was described as that of a man forty-eight years old, who presented himself for an examination February 1, 1930, and was found to have eighteen cavities, of which six were new, and the others had appeared around good fillings. One was left open for observation purposes, and a special diet worked out by Dr. Davis was prescribed.

"This cavity was reported smaller when examined October 4,

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and had entirely filled up naturally, on June 2, when the patient was last examined.

"Dr. Davis told of 675 cases over which he had maintained personal supervision. After checking them for a period of six months, during which time an average of four cavities appeared in the teeth of each patient, each patient was examined and placed on a diet deemed best suited to individual needs. Upon examination after another six months' period, he said that, instead of finding the 2,700 new cavities which might have been expected on the basis of the first six months of observation, only five were disclosed in the group.

"He added that he had made numerous tests of treating hypersensitive teeth with the same method, and had not experienced a failure.

"Dr. Leo W. Solbach, a director of the Clinic Club, described the method of procedure in diagnosis. Assuming that nutrition is of primary importance, he said, the first step should be the taking of X-ray pictures of the mouth. A history of the physical condition of the patient in the past and various analyses should be obtained, he went on, to determine sugar, albumen, and phosphorus requirements, and disclose such conditions as anemia, infection, and diabetes. With the patient's needs thus determined, he said, a proper diet and treatment can be prescribed."

Bumps on Shoe-Trees Cure Corns

CORNS or ingrowing toe-nails can be cured at home by treating the shoe instead of the foot, according to Dr. H. Winsor of Haverford, Pennsylvania, in a communication to *American Medicine* (New York). Says Dr. E. E. Free in his *Week's Science* (New York):

"The necessary apparatus includes a pair of wooden shoe-trees, a nail or two, some ordinary sticking plaster, and in extreme instances an iron poker.

"For a corn on the outer side of the little toe, for example, Dr. Winsor advises driving a short, round-headed nail into the shoe-tree just at this spot. Plaster then is wrapt over and around the nail to make an 'artificial corn' on the shoe-tree a little larger and higher than the real corn on the foot.

"If the shoe to be worn then is kept each night on this shoe-tree the artificial corn stretches the shoe leather into a small dome just over the spot where too much pressure is causing the corn. This not only relieves the pain but usually lessens the irritation so that the corn gets well by itself.

"Corns on the sole of the foot can be relieved by raising a similar corn on the sole of the shoe-tree.

"Ingrowing toe-nails usually can be cured, Dr. Winsor states, by pressing the sides of the shoe outward with bumps on the shoe-tree, to make the toe of the shoe wider.

"Or a poker or stick may be used, wedged into the shoe at night so that its hard, rounded point will stretch a bulge into the leather just where pressure is forcing the toe-nail to grow inward. 'Painful feet,' Dr. Winsor insists, 'are serious matters.' 'The pain itself is harmful to the nervous system, and the temper engendered thereby is injurious.'"

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Dissolves like magic in lukewarm water!

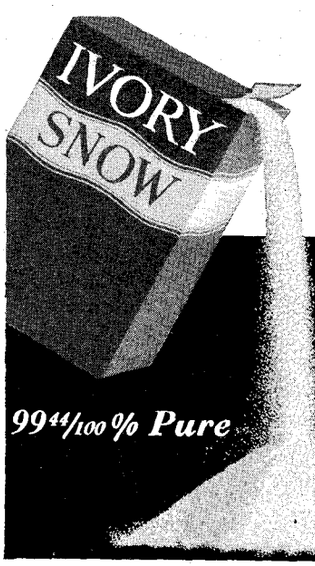
A glance tells you that these tiny Ivory Snow pearls were specially made to wash fine silks. They're so white. And between your fingers, they have the "chiffon-feel" of fine face powder.

Lukewarm water transforms them into a fluff of velvety suds. Instantly! No waiting for hot water. No reddened hands from "beating up" hot suds. No undissolved soap particles left to spot your fabrics.

Ivory Snow is just one more reason why salespeople in fine stores say—"Use Ivory for fine silks—it's safer!" Don't hesitate to use enough Ivory Snow to make rich suds. The extra-big box costs only 15¢. One of them will protect hundreds of dollars worth of lovely clothes through many washings.

Silk and woolen manufacturers agree

"A perfect soap for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu. "The ideal soap for woolens," say the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa Blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, leading woolen manufacturers, to mention only a few.



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George Washington: The Boy Who Made the Man

The Approaching Bicentennial Celebration Inspires a New View of the Character and Career of the Immortal "First American"

The entire country is about to celebrate the greatest commemoration in its history—the 200th anniversary of the birth of Washington. Every citizen and organization in America will presently be joining in an appreciation of the patriot who welded our forefathers into a nation.

This is the first of a series of five brief articles on the life and character of Washington, by Clifford Smyth, author of "Builders of America," for THE LITERARY DIGEST NATIONAL SCHOOL ESSAY CONTEST, conducted in cooperation with the George Washington Bicentennial Commission established by an Act of Congress.

This article covers Question One in the Contest: "What was there in George Washington's boyhood training that made him in later life able to meet the great emergencies that confronted him and to surmount all difficulties?"

ANY PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON needs something of his boyhood for a background. The art of Stuart, Peale, Houdon delineates with admirable felicity the strong, self-contained being who was recognized, even in his lifetime, as the Father of his Country. But to appreciate the intensely human quality, the struggle against adverse conditions that went to the making of this First American, one needs a glimpse of the boy and his arduous environment two centuries ago.

When Washington was born, February 22, 1732, the oldest son of his father's second wife, the Atlantic seaboard, with a few notable exceptions in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, was practically a vast stretch of virgin forest through which Indians roamed at will and where white men seldom ventured. The total population of European settlers was estimated at a little over half a million.

Washington's birthplace, a cottage principally roof and chimney, containing four rooms and an attic, stood a few miles up the Potomac at Bridges Creek. There were no neighbors. It was an age of pioneers, when plain folk like the Washingtons had to shift for themselves. Children of such families had more work than play to occupy them. As for schools, especially in the southern colonies, there was not much to choose from. Augustine Washington, George's father, a hard-working farmer when he was not engaged in some seafaring venture, sent his first wife's two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, to England for their education. For George, the oldest son of his second wife, there was only such schooling as Virginia could afford.

THE itinerant teachers of those days were apt to impart knowledge to their pupils through a vigorous application of the birch rather than by a less severe and more penetrative pedagogical system. How much of this kind of education was bestowed on George is not known. Even as a boy he enjoyed an enviable reputation for bravery, a strong physique, an ability to tame unruly horses, qualities which may have gone far toward staying the admonishing hands of his teachers. Besides, there is direct testimony from the son of one of his schoolmates, Lewis Willis, in which he is pictured as having been—with one amusing exception—unusually studious.

"My father," wrote Col. Byrd Willis, "spoke of the General's industry and assiduity at school as very remarkable. While his brother and other boys at playtime were at bandy and other games, he was behind the door ciphering. But one youthful ebullition is handed down while at that school, and that was romping with one of the largest girls; this was so unusual that it excited no little comment among the other lads."

The earliest of Washington manuscripts, his school copy-book, dated 1745, presents items that emphasize the boy's deep seriousness of character, his perseverance in acquiring an education that would fit him for playing his part masterfully in the struggle of life. Here there are carefully transcribed business papers, rows of figures showing Washington's efficiency, even at this early age, in mathematics, his absorption in the handling of practical affairs.

Besides these matters he set down in this priceless copy-book "110 Rules of Civility," outlining, often in humorous detail, the conduct essential to good manners in one's intercourse with his fellow men. The homely common sense of these maxims give them an intrinsic value outside of the fact that they played a considerable part in contributing to the formation of Washington's character in his boyhood. Here are a few of them:

Speak not of doleful things in a time of mirth.
Wear not your clothes foul, unript, or dusty.
Sleep not when others Speak, Set not when others stand, Speak not when you should hold your Peace, Walk not when others Stop.
Talk not with meat in your mouth.
If you Cough, Sneeze, Sigh, or Yawn, do it not loud, but Privately; and Speak not in your Yawning, but put Your handkerchief or Hand before your face and turn aside.
Cleanse not your teeth with the Table Cloth, Napkin, Fork or Knife, but if Others do it let it be done with a Pick Tooth.

THE 110 Rules close with—"Labour to keep alive in your breast that little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience."

In his schooling Washington was spurred to put forth the best that was in him through the knowledge that his mother and his younger brothers and sisters would depend on him for their support. When he was eleven years old his father died, leaving the bulk of his estate to Lawrence and Augustine, George's half-brothers. To George must fall the responsibility of eking out his mother's inadequate income through his own exertions.

At sixteen school was over. His liking for mathematics had turned Washington's practical mind to the study of surveying. As a surveyor he could make sufficient money to fulfil his duty toward his mother and those dependent on her. For practise he spent a short time running lines and levels over his brother Lawrence's property. Then came the great opportunity for which he had hoped. The neighboring estate of Lord Thomas Fairfax, variously estimated from one to ten million acres—a few million more or less went for little in those pioneer days—needed the appraising eye of a competent surveyor. These unmeasured acres formed a wilderness, overrun with Indians, comprising unknown possibilities in the way of tobacco plantations and navigable streams that would enhance the estate's commercial value. Fairfax, having seen much of young Washington, admired his energy, the thoroughness with which he did his work, his indomitable strength and fearlessness. Here was the one man capable of appraising his lands.

So, at the age of sixteen, Washington became a surveyor. As he notes in his diary: "Friday, March 11th, 1747-8, began my journey in company with George Fairfax, Esqu. [son of Lord Fairfax]; we travell'd this day 40 miles to Mr. George Newels in Prince William County."

(*Continued on page 31*)

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Already, at the age of sixteen, his outward appearance had much of the impressiveness which distinguished him in later years when he stood head and shoulders above his fellows, with a fine breadth of chest, a face nobly molded, large gray eyes showing power to command as well as to awaken the admiration and affection of those around him.

This Fairfax survey, Washington's first real experience in the work of the world, was put through with lightning speed. From brief jottings in his diary the young surveyor evidently enjoyed his task, obstacles, discomforts and all. Much of the time he and his party camped out in the field or forest, but on occasion they stumbled upon a settler's house where they were put up for the night.

I have not sleeped above three or four nights in a bed [he wrote to a friend], but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bearskin, which ever is to be had, with man, wife and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats, and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. There's nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit my going out, and sometimes six pistoles.

An encounter with Indians formed a memorable experience, as Washington notes in his diary:

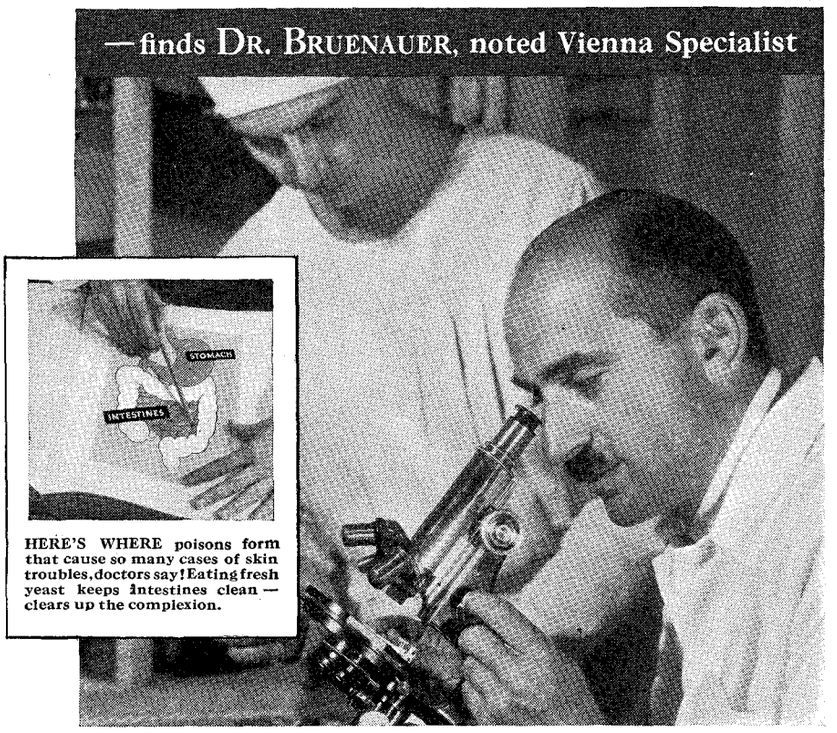
Their manner of dancing is as follows: They clear a large circle and make a great fire in the middle, then seat themselves about it. The speaker makes a grand speech, telling them in what manner they are to dance. After he has finished the best dancer jumps up as one awakened out of a sleep and runs and jumps about the ring in a most comical manner. He is followed by the rest. Then begin the musicians to play. The music is a pot half [full] of water with a deerskin stretched over it as tight as it can and a gourd with shot in it to rattle and a piece of horse's tail tied to it to make it look fine. The one keeps rattling and the other drumming all the while the others are dancing.

In a little over a month the task was completed and gave such satisfaction that Washington was appointed Public Surveyor, a position he held for three years.

"Have you forgotten the personal history of George Washington?" asked Woodrow Wilson. "Do you not know that he struggled as poor boys now struggle for a meager and imperfect education; that he worked at his surveyor's tasks in the lonely forests; that he knew all the roughness, all the hardships, all the adventure, all the variety of the common life of that day; and that if he stood a little stiffly in this place, if he looked a little aloof, it was because life had dealt hardly with him? All his sinews had been stiffened by the rough work of making America. He was a man of the people, whose touch had been with them since the day he saw the light first in the old Dominion of Virginia."

"This food purifies the system ..clears the SKIN"

—finds Dr. Bruenauer, noted Vienna Specialist



HERE'S WHERE poisons form that cause so many cases of skin troubles, doctors say! Eating fresh yeast keeps intestines clean — clears up the complexion.

Dr. Stefan Bruenauer *has made a long study of fresh yeast.*

AUTHOR of more than forty medical works on skin diseases, etc... noted clinic head... Dr. Stefan Bruenauer is one of the foremost skin specialists living today!

Why does this famous authority so strongly advise eating fresh yeast to clear up the blemished complexion?

Read what he says:—

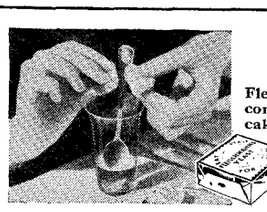
"I have found that fresh yeast will regulate the intestines and bring about normal elimination. By restoring regular, daily evacuations it purifies the digestive system, builds up a healthier bodily tone *and protects the skin against blemishes.*"

Eaten faithfully, Fleischmann's Yeast actually "tones" and cleanses your entire digestive tract . . . helps your body throw off its undigested waste matter regularly.

Thus, excessive poisons no longer circulate through your system to make your skin break out. You are less subject to headaches, colds, etc. You feel more energetic, more *alive!*

Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (a third of a glass). It's rich in vitamins B, G and D, you know. Try it today!

Write for booklet. Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.



Important

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise! At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

"My own case bears out what famous Doctors say"

"Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my complexion perfectly," *writes* Miss Edith Price, *Springfield, Mass.* "A friend of mine had been eating it, on her doctor's advice, and it had done her a lot of good. So I tried it. Almost immediately my indigestion and sluggish feeling disappeared and my skin cleared up."

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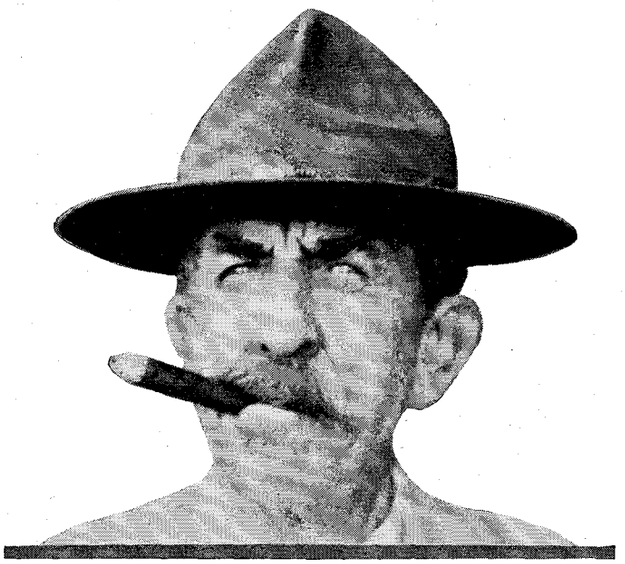
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

"Alfalfa Bill" in War, Peace, and Politics

AN ANCIENT HORSE-PISTOL, about whose trusty muzzle clustered, mayhap, memories of lively doings in the freer frontier days of the picturesque Southwest. Into the valise it went, when Jake, the valet, produced it,



Wide World

With the Light of Battle in His Eyes

according to the Associated Press, and then the gallused Commander-in-Chief, with the handle-bar mustaches and the shiny black suit sprinkled with cigar ashes, was off to the wars, all ready to play Horatius at the Bridge.

Horatius was greeted at the bridge with lusty yells from his loyal troops, according to a dispatch from Durant, Oklahoma, to the New York *Times*. Soon after his arrival he was shown to his tent, "in the shade of huge oak-trees."

THEN "he went in search of the cook tent, and inquired if there was grub enough to last over the week-end. Assured that there was plenty, he told the cook that he was ready to sample some of it. And as dusk settled over the tree-tops the crooning song of a homesick farm-boy soldier could be heard above the chirping of the crickets."

But the rôle of Horatius did not last William H. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Oklahoma's fiery Governor, for long. The argument over the Denison-Durant toll-bridge over the Red River between Oklahoma and Texas was ended and the troops called out by Governor Murray went home. The toll-bridge faction, which the Governor had opposed, had its toll-bridge. A free bridge was opened for the rest. And that was that.

Then came the more spectacular and nationally more important oil-well war. Once again the militant Governor called out the National Guard—this time to keep up the price of oil.

Because of and since this, the colorful Chief Executive of Oklahoma, known variously as "Alfalfa Bill," "Cocklebur Bill," "the Sage of Tishomingo," and many another nickname besides, who has been lawyer, Congressman, and Bolivian colonist, and who started his campaign last year with forty borrowed dollars, has been even more in the public eye. He has been taking a hand in unemployment-relief plans, and his friends are nursing a Presidential boom in his honor.

So, naturally, there has been a great influx of interviewers into Oklahoma who have come away with various impressions of the Governor. Robert J. Casey, for example, was there during the "war" period, and reported from Oklahoma City to the Chicago *Daily News:*

Dusty field-marshals had just arrived at the capitol building with important dispatches from outposts in the great wars of the oil-wells and the free bridge. The vast zone of derricks which bristle all across this end of the State was silent and empty save for troopers enforcing the manifesto designed to make crude oil worth a dollar a barrel.

In his office, facing a battalion of newspapermen from all parts of the United States, Governor Murray sat with his feet on a walnut desk and flicked cigar ashes in the general direction of a stuffed eagle.

The old-time state-house reporters were no strangers to the Governor. He had known them for years as some of the keenest minds in Oklahoma. But he seemed in no wise embarrassed by the barrage. He shifted his feet to a spot on the desk from which the varnish had not yet been scraped, and made more cigar ashes.

"The refiners are threatening to boycott Oklahoma oil," bawled one cheerful cross-examiner. "What about that?"

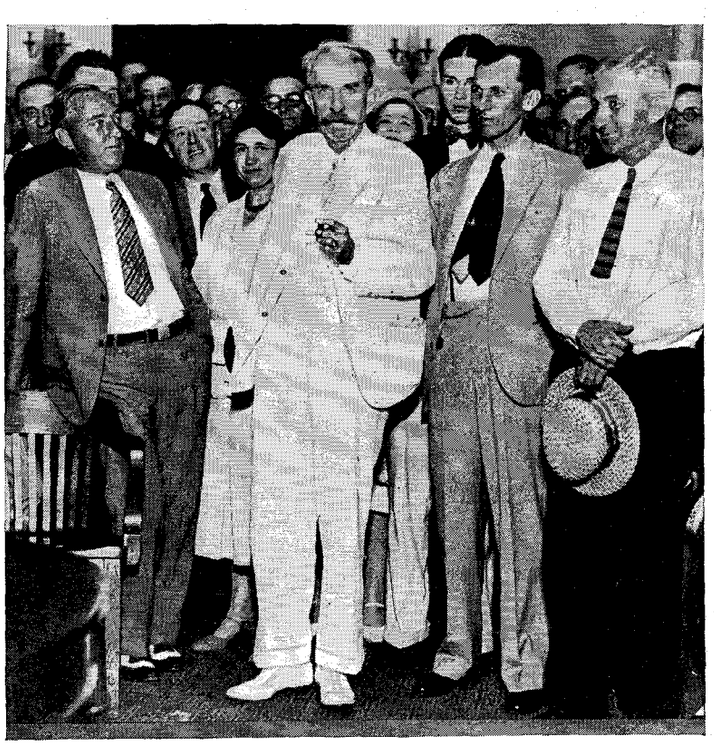
"It's being said that you exceeded your authority in appointing Dr. Samuel Cunningham dean of the university medical school," announced another. Governor Murray appeared to be studying these two grave announcements carefully. He looked beyond the stuffed eagle toward the visitors from out of the State. He spoke and his deep, resonant bass voice made all the other oral experts in the room seem puny.

"I ought to make an explanation," he declared. "All of you have been telling your readers that I wear suspenders. And here, the first day we have a representation of newspapermen from out of the State, I turn up with no suspenders. The truth of the matter is that I changed my clothes in a rush and I forgot about the suspenders."

The visitors murmured their polite assurances.

"And about this boycott," the Governor roared. 'Well, what about it? There doesn't seem to me to be any reason to worry because a man says he won't buy what nobody will sell him. I shut down the wells to conserve the oil supply, and the oil will be there a year from now. It won't get away."

CARTOONISTS and writers, "viewing his exploits from afar, have considered him as a somewhat comical demagog with no gifts save an ability to chew tobacco and wear handle-bar mustaches,"



Keystone

Giving the "Low Down" to a Delegation of Kansas Oil Men

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Mr. Casey says as he continues to unfold his impressions:

But even his worst enemies in Oklahoma dismiss that idea with patent regret.

"Get it out of your head that he's any hick numskull elected by accident and using his office as a circus to entertain a yokel electorate," said one of Oklahoma's foremost attorneys in Tulsa. "Champ Clark credited him with being the outstanding constitutional lawyer of the country, and one of the greatest parliamentarians in the world. He has a gift for oratory that recalls William Jennings Bryan at his best, and a keen, quick mind."

IN *The American Magazine*, Jerome Beatty pictures himself talking with the Governor in the music-room of the executive mansion:

It was a beautiful room, in an artistically conceived house. When the State, in prosperous times, erected this home for its chief executives, it employed decorators of taste.

On a spindle-legged love seat upholstered in gold brocade, I sat beside the Governor, smoking his five-cent cigars. We tossed our ashes into a handsome china flower bowl that he had put on the floor between us.

Gov. "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, The Sage of Tishomingo, wore his black, wide-brimmed felt hat all the evening, removing it only momentarily when a name or date eluded him and vigorous scratching in his bushy gray hair was needed to stimulate the old memory.

Since I was the guest of the Governor of a great State, I was polite and careful, and my cigar ashes always landed in the flower bowl. But "Alfalfa Bill's" aim was careless, and at the end of the evening most of his ashes and some of the remains of the five-cent cigars lay on the peach-colored rug.

The Governor wore a black, shiny suit which could not have cost more than thirty-five dollars, and which had not been prest for months. His vest was buttoned only at the bottom, and cigar ashes speckled the vest and the white shirt beneath—a cotton shirt with collar attached, unbuttoned at the throat. The edge of the collar was worn through one layer of cloth, and white threads stuck out like whiskers. The shirt looked as if he had worn it for days.

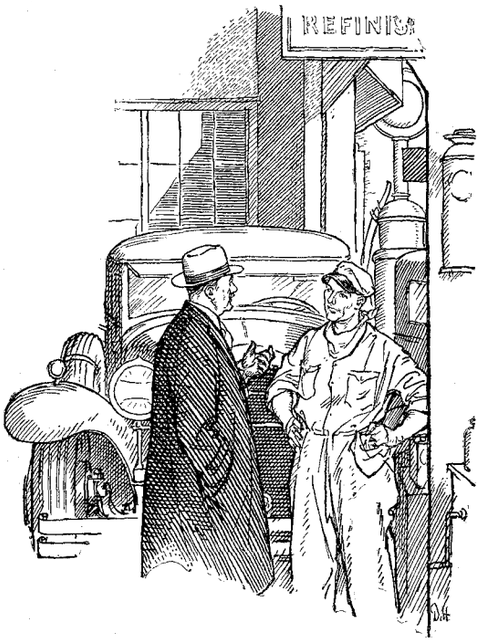
His soft black shoes were laced to the top, and his socks were white, and cotton.

Mr. Beatty interviewed a number of Oklahomans about him. As might be expected, some were pro and some were con. But, the writer adds:

I was sorry that I was unable to ask Mrs. William Peters, who lives on a farm near McAlester, what she thought of "Alfalfa Bill." Her husband, it seems, on the day before Christmas, drew lots with three other men to decide who would steal chickens so that they and their children could have a Christmas dinner. Peters drew the short straw and stole the chickens. He was caught and pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three years in prison.

Mrs. Peters hitch-hiked 129 miles to Oklahoma City to see "Alfalfa Bill" to ask a leave of absence from prison for her husband, "so he can come home and make a crop."

"Certainly," said "Alfalfa Bill," and drew up the papers that made William Peters a free man until July 1st; and, unguarded, he went home and made his crop.



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WHERE TO BUY IT

What's in a Name? Doolittle Has Done So Much!

"IT isn't a plane, it's a flying engine," exclaimed an aviation expert.

A flying engine with a flying wizard at the throttle—Maj. James H. Doolittle, who had ridden the little green scooter from Pacific to Atlantic, with three stops for fuel, in a trifle more than eleven hours, breaking Capt. Frank M. Hawks's record, winning the Air Derby and earning $10,000 in prizes alone.

The "flyinest flyer seen at the National Air Races this year," Ralph J. Donaldson calls him in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, adding a remark of the announcer at the great flying carnival, after the Major's precipitate arrival from California at the height of the carnival, that he had been "the first man to cross the continent in less than twenty-four hours, and is now the first man to cross it in less than twelve hours."

International Newsreel photograph

"Say, Can This Plane Fly? Boy, Am I Happy!"

BUT in the aviation world "there is nothing astonishing in the fact that Jimmy Doolittle won the air derby from Burbank, California, to Cleveland, and then went on to Newark to shatter Frank Hawks's coast-to-coast record," says the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in a home-town editorial. "For some years Doolittle has been considered by experts to be one of the outstanding figures in aviation.

"Lowell Thomas, writing in *The American Magazine* for December, 1930, tells of an informal vote among American airmen as to the ranking of our foremost flyers. 'When the result was announced,' said Thomas, 'the one deemed the greatest from the standpoint of combined flying skill and engineering knowledge was—not Lindbergh, or Byrd, or Chamberlin, but Doolittle.'"

Coming to figures, Doolittle "crossed the United States from coast to coast in 11 hours 16 minutes and 10 seconds, clipping 1 hour 8 minutes and 53 seconds from the record of Capt. Frank M. Hawks, and winning the premier air derby of the 1931 National Air Races as an incident of his trip," records the New York *Times*, adding some graphic particulars, thus:

The diminutive pilot, who was one of the first of America's aces in the 1925 races for the Pulitzer Trophy, stept out of his tiny and soot-stained ship at the Newark Metropolitan Airport, drew himself to his full height of five feet four, and gave orders for a hurried refueling.

A few moments later he darted into the air again and headed west for Cleveland to collect the $7,500 first prize for the derby, and to rest for the Thompson Trophy race.

INSTEAD of "resting," we learn from the Cleveland papers, he hopped from Cleveland to St. Louis as a passenger on a business trip, then returned for the Thompson Trophy speed race. He didn't win it, being forced out in the seventh lap (when he was in second place) by an overheated motor. The winner was Lowell Bayles, of Springfield, Massachusetts, who flew the 100 miles over a ten-mile course at an average speed of 236.239 miles an hour. Returning to the *Times* account of Doolittle's transcontinental victory:

While resting at the Newark airport, some of the secrets of his ultrafast plane were revealed. It is a single-seater biplane, built and designed by Matty Laird, who built the special speedster flown to victory

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in last year's Thompson Trophy race at Chicago by the late Charles (Speed) Holman.

This new plane, however, is equipped with a special supercharged and geared Wasp, Jr., engine, which develops close to 600 horse-power, altho the normal design of the same engine without supercharging has a 300-horse-power output. The geared propeller permits higher engine speeds and use of a larger air-screw.

This feature adds considerably to the speed of the plane, which is stream-lined to the limit of modern knowledge of aerodynamics.

So small was the cockpit that the diminutive Doolittle had trouble getting in and out. There is no seat except the parachute pack which rests on the floorboards. The small man fitted in so tightly that a photographer was unable to slip a box of exposed plates in beside him for transportation to Cleveland.

As it landed, the plane was spattered with mud and stained with soot. The pilot was dazed for the first few minutes from the fumes of carbon monoxide gas which seeped into his tight enclosure from the open exhaust stacks of the nine-cylinder engine in front.

He also was mud-stained and his white linen knickers were grimy and torn from scrambling through the small opening of the cockpit.

So fast was the pace at which the pilot plunged along that, piercing several thunderstorms between Cleveland and Newark, raindrops ate away all of the protective covering on the leading edges of both wings and linen, and "dope" had to be applied at the end of the run before he returned to Cleveland.

Several other parts of the cowling and fairing of the new plane suffered breaks and tears from the terrific wind of the fast flight and were patched hurriedly by mechanics.

On his return jump to Cleveland the flier beat his own time coming east. Leaving Newark at 5:49 P. M., he dropt in over the stands at the National Air Races one hour and forty-six minutes later. He was cheered by the several thousand spectators.

His total distance of flight for the day was 2,882 miles, without counting any deviations he may have made from his course.

In shattering the record of 12 hours 25 minutes 3 seconds made by Captain Hawks on August 13, 1930, Doolittle was ahead of Hawks's time at almost every point along the way. Before Hawks, Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh held the mark of 14 hours 45 minutes, made in their Lockheed-Sirius monoplane, which has since been mounted on floats for their flight to the Orient.

The Lindberghs made their trip east on Easter Sunday, 1930, to beat a former mark set by Hawks.

In addition to the $7,500 he gained by winning the Air Derby on his first arrival at Cleveland, he won another prize, of $2,500, by hopping to Newark after a quick fueling and beating the Hawks transcontinental record. Ten thousand dollars for a little more than eleven hours' flying was a tidy financial achievement, and added to the zest of his second reception at Cleveland on his return from Newark. Describing his day's work as "one of the great achievements in human travel,"

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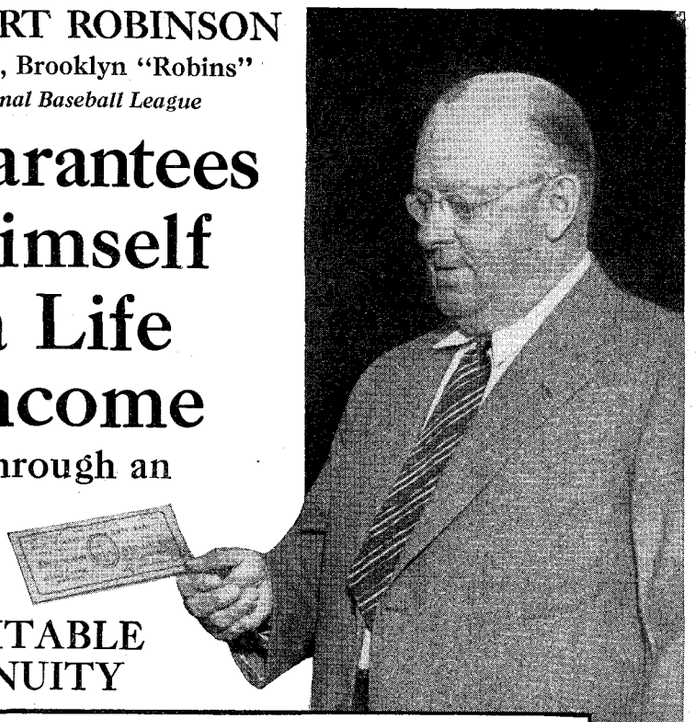

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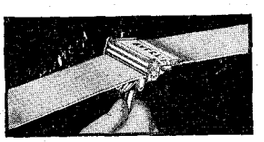

the New York *Herald Tribune* adduces these particulars:

He flew from Los Angeles to New York at an average speed of 218.81 miles an hour; won the Bendix race from California to Cleveland at an average speed of 223 miles an hour, and in 12 hours and 20 minutes covered 2,882 miles, from Burbank field, California, to Newark Airport and back to Cleveland, with brief stops for fuel at Albuquerque, New Mexico; Kansas City, Cleveland, and Newark.

On his second landing made here tonight Major Doolittle said:

"It was a marvelous race all the way. We were forced to wait for four days at Los Angeles to get out from under a blanket of bad fog.

"We were up almost all last night, and finally about midnight it was decided that we could get away. I can't say anything about how I got here, except that the marvelous engine and the remarkable ship, one of the finest planes I have ever flown, did the trick."

THE *Post-Dispatch's* home-town editorial over St. Louis' favorite son—we have already quoted a passage from it—gives a spirited sketch of some of his previous air adventures thus:

Doolittle learned to fly in the air service during the war and developed uncanny skill with the dangerous crates then in vogue. After the war, he perfected his knowledge of aviation's theoretical side at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he won the degrees of Master of Science and Doctor of Aeronautical Engineering.

Out of numerous pranks and narrow escapes from death, Doolittle derived the reputation of an aerial madcap. In recent years, however, he has put this quality to good use, as when he was selected by the Guggenheim Foundation in 1928 to conduct blind-flying tests. The tests were brilliantly successful, and for them Doolittle was awarded the Harmon trophy of the Ligue Internationale des Aviateurs.

In 1925 Doolittle won the international Schneider Cup race, and his name is on the McKay trophy as the aviator responsible for the outstanding achievement in aviation in that year.

Doolittle startled South America in 1926 when he flew over the Andes from Chile to La Paz, Bolivia. Shortly before the flight he had broken both ankles in a land accident but, undeterred, employed a physician to strap his feet to the rudder.

Last June, flying a speed plane of his own design at Curtiss-Steinberg Airport, Doolittle had a close brush with death when the plane collapsed while traveling at 250 miles per hour and at only 100 feet altitude. With consummate skill, Doolittle maneuvered it a little higher, then leaped and landed safely with his parachute.

Shortly afterward he announced his decision to quit racing because of "my advanced years." He is thirty-four.

Happily, he postponed his decision long enough for his spectacular feat of Friday when he spanned the continent and then returned to his home in St. Louis in time for a night's rest.

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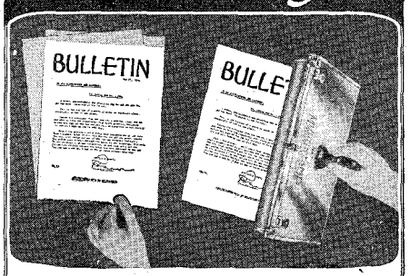

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ago—the crown latterly abdicated by Bobby Jones, who was one of the most enthusiastic witnesses of his successor's victory over Jack Westland, Chicago district champion.

Seldom, if ever, has a sports victory proved so popular.

"Ouimet is the most popular golfer in this commonwealth, and one of the most popular in the country," declares the Springfield *Republican*, and that:

In spite of the fact that for a good many years he has been more or less in eclipse and has not fulfilled the promise that as a youngster of nineteen he gave when he beat Vardon and Ray, the Britishers, who were then the foremost figures in the golfing world, in the most famous and most sensational golf match ever played in this country.

The golfing writers owe a debt of gratitude to Ouimet for staying in this tournament and winning it, when all the other veterans had been retired in its early stages.

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Ouimet. The veteran comes back, youth versus old age (thirty-eight), old man in death grapple with Virginia boy half as old, youth must be served, and so on and so on; there wasn't a thing in the idea that the sportswriters missed. But for Ouimet there would have been nothing for them to write about except a lot of young fellows playing golf.

But Ouimet as a boy giant-killer first gave golf its status as a popular sport in America. His exploit at Brookline was as notable as anything subsequently achieved by the boy prodigy, Jones. His capture of the championship now from a field of talented youths is likely to be fully as celebrated.

It is certainly sure to make a hit with a lot of old fellows of thirty-five or more who hate to think that nobody considers them any good any more.

THE second crowning of Ouimet was the culmination of the National Amateur Championship games at the Beverly Country Club, Chicago. There was more than a measure of justice in his victory, writes Charles Bartlett in the Chicago *Tribune*, continuing:

It was the comeback of a man who has turned up for the amateur year after year, striving to duplicate his victory of 1914, but never quite achieving his goal.

It was in 1913 that a twenty-year-old Boston kid they called "Nibs" Ouimet startled the golfing world by defeating two Englishmen, Ted Ray and Harry Vardon, in a playoff for the national open title.

He was just a young fellow from around the corner of the country club at Brookline, Massachusetts [where the open was being played], who used to fiddle around with an old iron club and a few used balls in his father's barn, pitching them into a tin can. But when he holed out a twenty-foot putt on a soggy home green to tie Vardon and Ray, and beat them the next day, he became the boy wonder of American golf.

On September 5, 1914, he proved he was no mere prodigy by defeating Jerry Travers, four times champion, for the national amateur crown. Incidentally, he won that match by 6 and 5, the same margin with which he defeated Westland yesterday.

Then came the long struggle to repeat that victory. There was ill-health. There was Bobby Jones. There was the time when he decided to change his style of play. But this tall, patient Bostonian, who resembles the late Woodrow Wilson, kept coming back to the amateur year after year.

Only three times did he fail to qualify for it. Eight times he went to the semi-finals, and once, in 1920, he came as close as he was yesterday morning, losing the title match to Chick Evans.

OUIMET came to this year's tournament No. 6 on the United States Golf Association's list of seeded players for the match-play rounds, we are told, and the account runs on:

Aside from Maurice McCarthy, Jr., of New York, Ouimet was the only one of the select ten to reach the quarter-final round. He qualified easily with a score of 152 for the thirty-six-hole trials.

Followed then one of the strangest pairing situations ever seen in a golf tournament. Here was Ouimet, thirty-eight years

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old, a veteran of national and international competition, being matched every day with a golfer at least twelve years his junior.

There was twenty-one-year-old Johnny Shields of Seattle, Washington; twenty-four-year-old Frank Connelly of Mount Clemens, Michigan; twenty-one-year-old Paul Jackson of Kansas City, Missouri; nineteen-year-old Billy Howell of Richmond, Virginia; and yesterday, the most dogged match-player of them all, the twenty-six-year-old Westland.

Ouimet proved his regal requisites by beating them all in the face of a partizan gallery which always favored the younger player. The hundreds who tramped the Beverly landscape during the first five days of the tournament were quite niggardly with their applause for the somber-faced Francis.

Yesterday, however, they gave him his due, and that despite the fact that he was beating a local boy. He smiled a real smile for the first time of the week when the match ended on the thirty-first green.

He had stymied Westland's ball, and Chicago's district champion failed to twist his putt around Ouimet's ball. When it missed, he walked over and shook hands with his conqueror. And Ouimet smiled.

The Ouimet smile remained while he walked back in the midst of a curious milling gallery of 5,000, and it expanded when President Herbert H. Ramsay of the United States Golf Association presented him with the huge Havemayer trophy and the gold medal emblematic of the championship.

When the match began yesterday morning, Westland was given more than an even chance of beating Ouimet, despite the latter's reputation, for Jack is probably the best match player in the district. Yesterday's defeat was the first he had experienced since the Western amateur of last year, when he lost to T. Phillip Perkins—and Phil had to break the course record to do it.

BOBBY JONES, five times champion, exprest himself as "tickled to death," we read in another column of *The Tribune*. Further:

"It was a great victory for one of the greatest figures in American golf," declared Jones. "This was one of the few times when I have ever pulled for any one, but I certainly pulled hard for Francis. I have been in many a campaign with him, and I consider his triumph here as brilliant as any I have ever seen."

Jones, in three previous tournaments, blocked Ouimet's path in the semifinals.

Bobby didn't miss a shot in Ouimet's last two matches, against Billy Howell and Jack Westland, so keen was the Georgian's interest in the first tournament in which he has not been a competitor since 1916.

Ouimet's victory pleases the English, according to an Associated Press London dispatch in the same newspaper. As we read:

Ever since Ouimet beat Harry Vardon and Ted Ray in 1913, the British have watched his play, and with numerous visits to this country he became one of the most popular Americans who ever competed here. He won the prized St. George's vase in 1923.

Ouimet succeeded even in persistently refusing Scotch and soda without offending his British friends. "Thanks awfully, but I'll just have a glass of water," said Francis.

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From one angle the readiness of our borrowers to invest in government securities at low interest is still another revelation of the pent-up buying power of our citizens. From another it shows how the Government is taking advantage of the present low interest rates to cut down future interest payments for many years to come.

The September borrowings were made up of an issue of $800,000,000 in twenty-four-year bonds at 3 per cent. and an issue of $300,000,000 of twelve-months one and one-eighth per cent. certificates. The purpose was to meet current obligations and also to take care of maturing short-term certificates. The bond issue was oversubscribed, but only by a comparatively small margin, as compared with the eight-times oversubscription of the June issue. According to a New York *Times* dispatch from Washington—

Secretary Mellon did not expect a large oversubscription to the present issue, because the rate was cut to the very minimum and the term of the bonds was the longest offered since the Liberty bonds went on the market during the World War.

On the other hand, the $300,000,000 in one and one-eighth per cent. Treasury certificates of one-year maturity offered simultaneously were oversubscribed more than three times, indicating that there probably is more money available for short-time use than for investment in long-time securities. The fact that the short-term money was popular, whereas the long-term was barely oversubscribed, meant, in the opinion of some officials, that investors are not anxious to tie up their funds for long periods in securities bearing as low as 3 per cent., feeling that there will be an upturn in business and a stiffening of interest rates.

IT looks anything but rosy, however, to *Barron's Weekly*, which can see only one reason for this heavy borrowing:

The Government has been living beyond its means, and now is forced to borrow to pay its expenses. A man who does that is called improvident and unbusinesslike.

There was the deficit of over $900,000,000 at the end of the past fiscal year, and the Treasury statement shows that to August 31, or the first two months of the present fiscal year, there was a deficit of $396,365,000. The present borrowing, therefore, is nearly eaten up already, with ten more months of the fiscal year yet to run.

Bankers told Britain to balance her budget by reduction of expenses, but we have balanced ours by borrowing, and, if the first two months of the fiscal year are an index, shall have to do more of the same this year, or face increased taxation.

Congress appropriates, but does not pay; and there was too much reckless expenditure voted in the past two years. There was the $500,000,000 appropriated for the Farm Board; there was the soldier bonus, guaranteed to start the wheels of industry inside of thirty days! And now, compared with the Treasury's condition at the end of June, 1930, the country's obligations have increased over $1,000,000,000.

Then, too, the eagerness of the public to buy Uncle Sam's bonds and certificates is no proof, so *The Wall Street Journal* insists, that they would snap up quickly a huge "prosperity loan." These subscriptions mean simply, we are told, that "there is an abundance of capital funds seeking investment in this country on the basis of the most positive and unqualified security." Indeed—

In its other departments the bond market gives ample evidence that capital still shrinks from any degree of risk and is more disposed for the time being to take counsel of fear than of reason.

The spirit of enterprise as yet obtains little or no backing from investors.

The New Merger Motive

DURING THE BOOM YEARS the merger movement received such impetus that consolidations were taking place at the rate of some six or seven hundred a year. The purpose, writes J. C. Royle in one of his business dispatches from Washington, "was largely the increase of production during a period of general prosperity and extensive buying."

Then as business activity dropt off there seemed to be less of a desire for mergers, but of late they are becoming more common. But the object is an entirely different one. To-day, continues this writer, the commonest purpose "is to regulate production and keep it from swamping the markets, and to remove the excess units of overcrowded fields of business endeavor."

There were plenty of economic justifications for "prosperity mergers," observes Carlton A. Shively in a Consolidated Press dispatch from New York—"more efficient operation through elimination of duplicated facilities, great integration, diversity of products in many cases, greater financial power through the control of larger resources, and a saving of wages and salaries." But Mr. Shively feels that the commonest motive in these "prosperity mergers" was the financial one:

Companies were merged right and left without much regard to economies, management or anything else beyond the appeal which the very mention of the word made to the stock market. Bankers and others promoting mergers found it no great task to add together fully capitalized assets of one dollar for one company and another dollar for a second, and then obtain a third dollar through sale of stocks to the public, backed by what it was predicted the large concern would do.

The mergers all too often involved huge bonuses given to important shareholders for their consent, heavy fees to bankers for arranging terms and floating new stock issues, and generous salve to the feelings of the executives who lost their jobs.

BUT with the "understandable desire of executives to cling to their jobs and the lack of incentive on the part of bankers and other financial interests to promote mergers" in a day when there is little public response to new stock offerings, we have entered a period of what might be called merger resistance. But this is now growing weak, especially in industries affected by overproduction. Take oil, for instance; there was the Standard of New York-Vacuum merger. There is talk of a merger involving the Sinclair, Prairie Oil and Gas, Prairie Pipe Line, Rio Grande Oil, and Tidewater-Associated. And the next big oil merger Wall Street expects, concludes Mr. Shively, is a reunion of Standard of New Jersey and Standard of California.

In the already quoted dispatch Mr. Royle reminds us of the merger plans now being worked out by the railroads and the consolidations and acquisitions being made almost every day in the utility field. Moreover—

There was a strong move toward bank consolidation in 1928-1929, which was checked in 1930 and 1931, but which seems likely to be resumed, altho legislation regarding chain and branch banking is to be anticipated. It is recognized by financiers that there are too many banks in the country for all to be prosperous, and many might be run more efficiently.

The coal men are being importuned to consolidate, and this counsel is falling on more willing ears since some of the old family holdings have passed into corporate hands.

Some of the machinery firms are likely to get together, and unless some of the weaker automobile manufacturers do likewise they are likely to pass out of the picture before another year is past. The success which has followed some department-store mergers is being mulled over by retail distributors. Similar thought is occupying men in the non-ferrous metal industry, who are exceedingly anxious to eliminate high-cost producers.

The drop in the prices of securities of certain companies halted many consolidations, since units could not agree on a basis of value to be assigned each, but the general security level now established is decidedly favorable to consideration of mergers. So are prices of commodities which necessitate reduction in production costs.

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WDAY	—Fargo	9:15 C.S. Time
KFYR	—Bismarck	9:15 C.S. Time
KFAB	—Lincoln, Neb. (Ex. Tues.)	9:15 C.S. Time

To Junk Homes to Hasten Good Times

"HOW much would it increase the country's total building operations if all the obsolete houses were junked and new ones built to take their places?"

This is a question that *The Southern Lumberman* of Nashville thinks it worth while for anybody to think about, especially anybody interested in lumber or building materials.

The query is prompted by an editorial statement appearing in *House and Garden*. The editor, Mr. Richardson Wright, holds with many other people that a stimulation in the building industry will do a good deal to bring back better times.

But we have plenty of houses now, somebody says. And that brings Mr. Wright to his main argument, which is that we have contributed to the world the economic factor of obsolescence. That is, "each major improvement in a factory building, in an office building, in a piece of machinery, in a motor-car, tends automatically to put into the obsolete class all buildings, offices, machines, and cars that lack these improvements." And as each machine or office or factory building becomes obsolete, we simply junk it—"the sign of progress is an increasing junk pile."

But the home is the one thing that we don't junk, and the editor of *House and Garden* flatly asserts "that the building industry can never be brought back to health until people have learned to junk obsolete homes." And we read on:

It has been estimated that 50,000,000 people in this country are living in obsolete homes. They lack good air circulation and light, much of their kitchen equipment is inadequate, they are not insulated, and consequently are hot in summer and wasteful of heating in winter. Thousands of them comprise fire menaces. Living in them—whether they be in the slums of a city or the tag-end of a rural town—lowers the standards of their occupants. The slum is the most obsolete thing we have in America.

So soon as houses become obsolete, we move away from them. But it never occurs to us to destroy those homes. That is what America to-day is sadly lacking—a junk heap of the homes that are no longer worth living in.

Of course the restoration of an old house that has historic significance or has fine architectural lines is quite a different matter. If properly done, it usually requires a major operation comparable to building a new house. But how seldom do we find in the musty old sections of our cities houses really worth restoring!

By junking our city slums, we could make room not alone for better apartments but for public park space as well.

By junking the jerry-built and time-worn houses in small towns, we could raise the standard of living.

Let's find some sane, practical way to junk our old musty, worthless houses—and build anew!

To put the third of our population now living in obsolete homes in modern homes would be, agrees *The Southern Lumberman*,

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"a definite contribution to the wholesome life of the nation, and would stimulate an activity in building which would hasten the return of general prosperity."

How the British "Dole" Works

HOW does the British "dole" work? Four hundred million dollars in debt and losing ground at the rate of $5,000,000 a week—such, we read, is the record of England's unemployment fund.

But how does the "dole" work in terms of individual cases? With so much talk in our own country about Federal aid for the unemployed, it is interesting to read about how the "dole" affects John Doe and Richard Roe.

The maximum amount obtainable by a beneficiary of the British system is $4.25 a week, we gather from a summary issued by the Editorial Research Reports of Washington. First, however, we are told how the funds for distribution are obtained:

Employed men aged twenty-one to sixty-five years give each week 7 pence; their employer contributes 8 pence, and the Exchequer, 7½ pence, a total of 22½ pence (about 45c).

Young men, eighteen to twenty-one, contribute weekly 6d, their employers 7d, and the Exchequer 6½d, a total of 19½d (about 40c).

Boys under eighteen contribute 3½d, their employers 4d, the Exchequer 3¾d, a total of 11¼d (about 23c).

Women aged twenty-one to sixty-five contribute 6d weekly, their employers 7d, and the Exchequer 6½d, a total of 19½d (about 40c).

Women eighteen to twenty-one contribute 5d weekly, their employers 6d, and the Exchequer 5½d, a total of 16½d (about 33c).

Girls under eighteen contribute 3d, their employers 3½d, and the Exchequer 3¼d, a total of 9¾d weekly (about 20c).

And here are the weekly rates of benefit:

	Dollars
Men aged 21 to 65	4.25
Men aged 18 to 21	3.50
Boys aged 17 to 18	2.25
Boys under 17	1.50
Women aged 21 to 65	3.75
Women aged 18 to 21	3.00
Girls aged 17 to 18	1.87½
Girls under 17	1.25

Persons under sixteen and sixty-five or over are not entitled to receive the benefits. Persons over sixty-five years old are eligible to receive old age pensions.

The insured may also receive 9 shillings weekly for an adult dependent (wife, husband if he is prevented by physical or mental infirmity from supporting himself, dependent father, step-father, widowed mother, etc.) and 2s weekly for each dependent child.

The insured worker receives an employment book, in which during the term of his employment, his contributions to the insurance fund are recorded. Upon the loss of employment he must present himself at an Employment Exchange, and surrender his book. Thereafter, he must present himself at the exchange several times a week and accept suitable employment if such is available. If no job is offered he receives the dole, and signs a receipt.

SIX TAKE BRUTAL BEATING

Cylinders of five-months-old motor not expected to live

Poor Oil Confesses Guilt!

Your motor, too, faces this danger every day—if you accept any motor oil offered, without knowing whether it is good, bad or indifferent

A FEW miles of driving with an "oil-less" oil will make a hospital case out of any car!

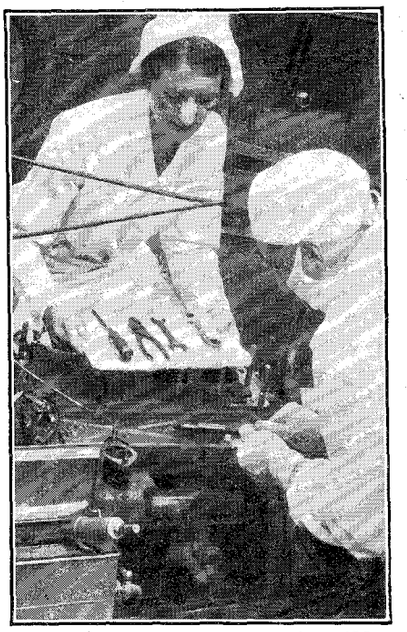
What is an "oil-less" oil? It is an oil that has broken down, lost its body, and quit. And poor oil quits long before you expect it to—often after only a few hundred miles of driving. It quits without notice. The first warning you get is when *destruction breaks loose* in your motor. Then you're in trouble—plenty of it!

If you have any respect for your motor or your pocketbook, don't gamble with motor oil. You may come off safely nine times out of ten, but when you lose it will cost you real money! There is one sure way to get the best lubrication your motor can have—insist on motor oils properly refined from 100% Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil.

Why look to the crude for the quality of the finished oil? Because the best motor oils are made from the best crude—and Nature made Pennsylvania Grade Crude, the best raw material for motor oil the world has ever known. Of all the crudes that come out of the earth, Nature favored Pennsylvania Grade. She gave it preferred qualities—gave it greater oiliness, greater freedom from impurities. She gave it a tremendous headstart over every other crude oil known.

Refiners of Pennsylvania Oils have longest background of experience

Remember that the refiners who turn this favored crude into finished oil have been refining oil longer than any others. They have generations of experience behind them.



Can poor oil wreck a motor? You bet it can! More money is spent every year for repairs due to poor lubrication than is spent for repairs due to any other single cause.

Given such advantages in raw material and in refining processes, it is no wonder that Pennsylvania lubricants have longer life and greater resistance to heat. They lick the toughest lubricating jobs—in automobiles, tractors, airplanes, motorboats; in locomotives, stationary machinery and turbines!

Many brands of Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil bear the emblem shown below. Buy whichever you prefer and keep your auto sweetly lubricated for many thousands of long, trouble-free miles.

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Birth of an Alibi.—LAWYER—"It would be better if you could prove an alibi. Did anybody see you at the time of the crime?"

CLIENT—"Fortunately, no."—*Zuricher Illustrierte.*

An Easy One.—FATHER—"So you interviewed her father last night, eh? Did you make him toe the mark?"

SON—"Yes, Dad; I was the mark."—*Legion Weekly.*

Dolce Far Niente.—"So your husband tried to get a government post? What is he doing now?"

"Nothing—he got the post."—*Illustrierte Blatt (Frankfurt).*

Victim Identified.—"How did your father know we went out in the car yesterday?"

"Quite simple! Remember that stout gentleman we ran into? That was father."—*Answers.*

Early Bird.—"Sorry, son, but that job I asked Mr. Gipple to give you has been taken."

"That so, dad? I wonder who got it?"

"Er—ah—ahemm! I did!"—*Life.*

Call an Ambulance.—"You look flustered, man."

"I am. My girl threw me over."

"Why worry. There's plenty more."

"Yeah, but this one threw me over that cliff."—*Pitt Panther.*

Prize Idiot.—THETA—"My mother sent me down here to get some of those new alligator shoes."

PI PHI—"Well, why don't you get them?"

THETA—"She didn't say what size shoes her alligator wears."—*Washington Dirge.*

With Humble Apologies.—An insurance company wrote out a $1,000 life policy in the name of one Samuel Johnson. Premiums were paid promptly for a few years, but suddenly stopt. After sending a few delinquent notices, the company received this reply:

"Dear Sirs: Please excuse us as we can't pay any more premiums on Sam. He died last May. Yours truly, Mrs. S. Johnson."—*Christian Register.*

Fanned Out.—"I've had a hard day," said the tired business man aboard the evening train for home. "One of my office boys asked the afternoon off to attend his aunt's funeral. So, being onto his scheme, as I thought, I said I'd go along too."

His friend chuckled. "Great idea! Was it a good game?"

"That's where I lost out," sadly admitted the man of business. "It was his aunt's funeral."—*Boston Transcript.*

Psalm of Strife.—

Lives of motorists remind us,
On a Sunday afternoon,
That some drive as if they liked to
Try and end them pretty soon.
—*Judge.*

The Innocence of Eustace.—RICH UNCLE (a strict Sabbatarian—"I am extremely sorry to learn that Eustace is in the habit of visiting a golf club on the Sabbath!"

LOYAL WIFE (brightly)—"Oh, but he doesn't play. He only pops over there for a few drinks and a game of bridge!"—*Humorist (London).*

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"I hope you won't take it personally, General, when I say I am opposed to war." —"Life."

Bond of Sympathy.—"I haven't averaged more than one meal a day all this week, lady."

"Oh, are you trying to reduce, too?"—*Smith's Weekly (Sydney).*

Might Go in Venice.—Willie Kane, representative for *The World-Telegram*, tells about the query that stumps all applicants for jobs in the New York Fire Department.

The question that drives them all cuckoo is: "What piece of fire apparatus won't go up a one-way street?"

No applicant has ever answered it correctly.

The answer is: "A fire-boat."—*New York Mirror.*

It's Great to Be an Art Lover.—Mrs. Maggs had invited her neighbor to see the new decorations. The house had been repainted, and after examining the living-rooms they went into the bedroom.

"My!" said Mrs. Diggs, admiringly. "Isn't it pretty? But what are the lovely pictures painted on the ceiling for?"

"For my 'usband," explained Mrs. Maggs. "'E likes to 'ave something to look at on Sundays."—*Tit-Bits.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Left-Handed Bargain.—Have the most transportation you can get in Atlanta for $85 cash. A 1926 sedan, '31 tag, A1 condition, that is well worth $50.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Time to Shed 'Em.—

SCORES OF DEATHS REPORTED AS HEAT BROILS NATION FROM COAST TO COATS

—*Boston Herald.*

Get Your Rubbers.—Joseph Gwinn, president of the California Teachers' Association, put the teachers in good humor with his comment on the slimate and other California virtues.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Didn't Like His Hoots.—St. Petersburg, Fla.—Former Governor Keith Neville of Nebraska, narrowly escaped injury as a huge tarpon he had just hooted leapt wildly and landed in his boat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We'd Like to See It.—

MAY 5, 1630

D. T. G —— *bought his first suit. It's been so satisfactory that he bought another suit yesterday. I'd like to show you this suiting.—Helena (Mont.) paper.*

Time for Courage.—

LINDBERGHS OFF

SOON TO FACE GREATER PERILS

Wife of Anglican Missionary To Greet Woman Flyer.

—*Vancouver paper.*

Where the Dole Fails.—A fat, globe-like lamp that hangs over the little porch at 10 Downing street is a beacon which nightly tells whether the Prime Minister is still at work or has gone to beg.—*Washington Star.*

Some Job for the Undertakers.—The body is that of a baby "banana 'possum," and is believed to be the first of these animals ever to enter this port. It is about the size of a large house, with a four-inch curly tail.—*Baltimore Evening News.*

Reward of Generosity.—

THEIR CAFETERIAS ALONE ARE IN $2,000,000 A YEAR CLASS, SERVING FOOD AT COST

NEARLY ALL SHOW A PROFIT

—*New York Times.*

Something New in Flying.—Members of the staff of the Gilpin Air Lines. Left to right, Miss Lois Kronholm, secretary; C. F. Stovall, traffic manager, who had just received a reservation for a flight over one of the telephones.—*Caption in a Glendale (Cal.) paper.*

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